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THE NATION
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

VOLUME LV.—No. 640.
Price Ten Cents.



HE TRICKED THE SHERIFF.
TOM CARTER, OF TEXARKANA, ARK., BLUFFS A FULL HAND HELD BY THAT OFFICIAL.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1889.

ATTENTION! READ THIS!

SPECIAL NOTICE TO AGENTS.

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KILRAIN'S COLORS.

As an inducement for any person to solicit subscriptions for the POLICE GAZETTE, we are now making the following offer for a limited time only. Upon receipt of four dollars at one time, for either

One Year's Subscription
Two Separate Six Months', or
Four Separate Three Months'

We will send to any address, free of charge, an elegant fac-simile of the colors worn by either JOHN L. SULLIVAN or JACK KILRAIN during their memorable battle on July 8, 1880.

These kerchiefs are elegantly finished in different colors, and are beautiful souvenirs of the most important battle that has ever taken place in the history of the prize ring. Sullivan's colors are manufactured of fine "Silkadee." Price (separate from subscription), \$1.50. Kilrain's colors are pure silk. Price (separate from subscription) \$2.00.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE PRINCETON-YALE SCRIMMAGE.

We devote considerable space in this week's issue of the POLICE GAZETTE to the doings of our College boys and football, and particularly to the games played on Thanksgiving Day. By all odds the most important of these contests was the one played on Berkeley Oval, N. Y., by Princeton and Yale. The POLICE GAZETTE, in making this spread, gives additional proof that it is keeping abreast of the times, and is constantly studying the interests of its thousands of readers. It was estimated that 20,000 witnessed the game, and the estimate is a small one. Never before, in the history of the game, have so many people been present on one field; never before so much enthusiasm; never before so much excitement; never before such play. It was dig, wrestle, biff, hustle, push, fight and tug from the beginning to the termination of the contest, and the boys of the opposing sides covered themselves with glory, fame and honor and each other with mud, bruises and scratches in their efforts to carry off the palm of victory.

Football, or at least such football as was witnessed on Berkeley Oval on Thanksgiving Day, is considered by many to be rough and dangerous sport, but so long as the boys enjoy it who should object? It is healthful, enervating and brawn-producing sport at any rate, and to keep one's end up at it a fellow must be quick of limb, alert of brain, fearless and brave, and able to lick his weight in wildcats.

Excellent sketches will be found elsewhere depicting the monkey and parrot time the nervy collegians indulged in. All honor to both teams, and above all, all honor to Princeton, the winner! In addition, better luck to Yale next trip!

MRS. HANNA B. SOUTHWORTH, who assassinated Stephen L. Pettus on Fulton street, this city, recently, has been held for murder in the first degree by the Grand Jury. Taking into consideration the alleged wrongs that Pettus had done Mrs. Southworth, there are those who think and say that she should not be harshly dealt with. Pettus is dead and is therefore unable to give his side of the story, but there is proof that he was not guilty in the matter. The trial will bring out the true facts of the case, and the POLICE GAZETTE will record them, as it does to-day the testimony already at hand.

We are in receipt of a congratulatory letter from Mr. Thomas McIlvaine, keeper of the Western Penitentiary, Allegheny City, Pa., telling of the efficiency of the POLICE GAZETTE in aiding in the recapture of Murderer John D. Shea, who escaped from Four Courts, St. Louis, some time ago, by publishing Shea's photograph. After escaping, Shea was captured for another crime and was recognized by Mr. McIlvaine through the referred-to publication in the POLICE GAZETTE, and was returned to St. Louis, where he was convicted. He is now doing time in Jefferson City, Mo., and Mr. McIlvaine naturally enough wants the reward which was offered for his recapture. Let us hope that his request will be complied with.

MASKS AND FACES

Timely Barber's Talk--Brougham,
Irving, Lemaitre--Anecdotes
Under the Razor.

PRINCE AND CIRCUS RIDER.

Mansfield, Hopper, Emmett--Hading
and Rhea.

FANCIES OF FIGARO.

"NEXT!"

"How'll you have your hair cut?" Figaro asked Dixey one morning.

"With your mouth shut!" the comedian answered the barber.

That, I find, was a trifle severe. I consider tonsorial



artists when they don't ask me to buy their hair renovators, the most amusing of talkers.

They are, as a rule, perfect repositories of the news of the day.

None better than they to pomade a show or shampoo an actor.

Their theatrical anecdotes, if not always fresh or select, are varied and always more interesting than their politics.

From the beginning of history Figaro has been a favorite with men of the world anxious for the tidbits of the day.

The great Machiavelli, that wise man of Florence, used to lounge around barber shops.

Beaumarchais, the witty playwright, made Figaro the bright, nimble, fanciful hero of two pieces.

And when M. de Villemessant finally adopted a name for the most popular and scintillant paper of a great city he called it *Le Figaro*, after the historic tonsorial artist of the eighteenth century, who was equally clever at shaving a man's face and running away with a man's wife.

I propose to reproduce here to-day some of the stage yarns and actor's talk which I have heard at different times while under the razor. I suppose you don't mind. I run the risk of having my throat cut. You only run the risk of being bored.

Barbers generally like anecdotes with just a trifle mildew on them. Here is one of those anecdotes:

Frederick Lemaitre, an actor who could play a farce role better than Francis Wilson or Jimmy Powers and a melodramatic role like Charles Fechter, was a fellow of ready expedients. Intrusted with a tragic part on one occasion, he was so behindhand in reaching the theatre that the stage manager was nearly distracted.

When he appeared, the stage manager, who had a part in the piece, went on the stage wearing his spectacles,



which, in his excitement, he had forgotten to remove. Lemaitre noticed the singular look of his companion, and, to warn him, changed his lines and said:

"What! are thine eyes with watching and despair. So weakened that these wonders you must wear?"

This so tickled the prompter that he fell off his seat with a great racket. There was confusion all over the house, but the quick-witted Lemaitre prevented a disturbance by shouting:

"Hear'st thou that noise? 'Twere wise, in my belief, To seek within for shelter and relief."

And he disappeared, dragging the astounded manager along with him.

"NEXT!"

Barbers are, as a rule, great admirers of the palmy days. I heard one in Paris one day lecture Mounet Sully on the stage art of Talma. And here in New York I know a barber who would not hesitate to give points to Booth, Posaar and Salvini.

"NEXT!"

While John Brougham managed the Lyceum here he produced "A Row at the Lyceum," an amusing bit of realistic work.

The curtain rose on a scene at a rehearsal. The company appeared in their ordinary street attire, and apparently were assembled in the green room prepara-

tory to their evening duties. Mrs. Dunn appeared as Mrs. Dunn, Miss Emma Taylor as Miss Emma Taylor, and Mrs. Vernon as Mrs. Vernon. Even Tom, the call boy, was there as plain Tom. The audience were naturally surprised, and assuming that something was wrong became deeply interested. Suddenly, during one of the scenes, Mrs. B. (Mrs. Brougham) began to make trouble by insisting that her part was not suited to her style, and demanding that the lines should be changed and improved. In the hot argument that ensued between the stage manager and actress, an interruption came from the audience. An old Quaker, rising in the parquet, or pit as it was then called, and shaking his cotton umbrella, loudly announced to the stage and to the house that "that woman looks like my wife; her voice and form is Hannah's," and then adding with indignant emphasis: "It is my wife," he strode angrily down the aisle, shouting: "Come away from that wicked place, you shameless hussy!" In an instant the audience was in an uproar. Florence was in the gallery, personifying a fire laddie, the "Mose" of the day, red-shirted, soap-locked and noisy. It was his part to give the old gentleman to understand, in the vernacular of the b'hoys, that if he interfered with "the young 'ooman on the stage," he'd "lam his bald head into a jelly," and thereupon he made a great show of starting down stairs to do it. Meanwhile, all sorts of encouraging and discouraging cries came from various parts of the house, "Go it, broadbrim!" "Sit down!" "Police!" "Shame!" "Put him out," until the place was like a pandemonium. The people on the stage were of course unable to proceed on account of the uproar, and poor Mrs. B., the cause of all the commotion, was in a well simulated state of fright. The irate Quaker and the red-shirted defender reached the footlights about the same time and were promptly seized by a pair of stalwart policemen and dragged upon the stage. Then the usual semi-circle was formed and the epilogue began. It was only at this juncture that the audience recognized Mr. Brougham as the indignant Quaker, Mrs. B. as his wife, the police as members of the company, the noisy disturbers in the pit as "supes," and Mose as Billy Florence.



"NEXT!"

I heard an amusing story the other day how De Wolf Hopper, the long-legged comedian who wants to star next season, first met the charming lady who is his wife. Col. McCaull came to rehearsal one morning and found all the girls looking glum as the devil. He wasn't satisfied with their expression, and he told them bluntly that when they face his audiences they must have a seventy-five-dollar-a-week smile on their faces. "Great Scott, girls, can't anything wake you up? Think of something pleasant. What would you do if I raised your salaries?" The chorus girls all laughed at the idea, but one girl did more than laugh; she spoke out in the demurest way: "Drop dead, Colonel!" De Wolf Hopper spotted that bright girl and later married her.

As soon as an actress lands in America the reporters ask her for her views.

Here is what Hading says she thinks of us.

"I cannot judge of American actors, for I did not have a chance to see them, but I can speak of American audiences, and I must confess that playgoers in most of the great cities I visited surprised me. In Paris our audiences are peculiar. They are clever, but often indifferent and unsympathetic. They look at the ceiling sometimes when they should be looking at the stage. But in the United States it is quite otherwise. The audiences are all attention from beginning to end. Nothing diverts them from the play. They are so refined, so discriminating and subtle. It is much like the public we played to in London. I should imagine that everyone present on each occasion understood French. At any rate, the public certainly understood me. I was thoroughly delighted and felt quite at home with them."

And Rhea, who is touring the land as Josephine, I find expresses herself thus about us:

"I think that the Americans are much more like the French than the English are. I saw Marie Wainwright only once, in the last act of 'Called Back,' in New Orleans, and I must confess that I never saw stronger, more intense nor effective acting done in France, even by the greatest actresses. To my mind she was 'just splendid,' to employ a strictly feminine criticism. I also saw the late Charles B. Thorne, Jr., as John Strebe-low in 'The Banker's Daughter.' He was magnificent! Now, Marie Wainwright and Charles Thorne acted exactly as if they had studied their art in France. Therefore, although I admire England's Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, I appreciate much more the acting of America's Marie Wainwright and Charles Thorne."

"I reproach the American public because they do not seem to have a mind of their own. Before I saw Mary Anderson I had read about her and heard hundreds of people who were only the echo of each other say: 'She does not study! She is so awkward! She is too stilted!' Well, I first went to see her as Julia in 'The Hunchback.' What was my astonishment when I saw coming on the stage a most beautiful woman, a vision of loveliness and grace, whose voice, gestures and acting were admirable, and whose only fault, perhaps, was a little too much art. One wished and longed for some imperfections--some outburst of nature!"

"As far as traveling is concerned America is the land of plenty and comfort. The hotels are far above those of Europe. But I must say that I find fault, great

fault, with the accommodations of the stage. While the front of the house is glowing with silver, gold and costly hangings, the territory back of the curtain is often like a hole--dirty, cold and uncomfortable. This sad state of affairs I find to exist not only in the smaller towns, but sometimes in the larger cities. If I were not a foreigner I would have thought it my duty to report this deplorable state of things to those who could bring a remedy for the crying evil. But why should I complain when the Americans do not?"

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The mother of Richard Mansfield, who is now playing *Richard III.*, so successfully, was an opera singer, Madame Rudersdorff. The son not long ago told this anecdote about her.

"Madame Rudersdorff was on one occasion singing at Magdeburg, in Germany. The opera of the night was *Der Freischutz*. The opera house was an extremely small one and the manager an extremely stout man, who appeared to be stage manager, scene shifter and gas man, all in one. 'Madame,' he said, before the performance, 'na, sie werden sehen, we have arranged it magnificently--I have arranged the finest tableau that was ever seen--you will be astonished!--na, es wird doch schon sein!--ah, you will see!' and he trotted off, rubbing his hands delightedly. The night came, and with it the scene in the *Freischutz* in which the wild huntsman and his pack career across the stage. This was to be the chef d'oeuvre, the success of the evening--the music might go as it liked, so might the huntsman and his dogs; but a bear, a cardboard bear, full of squibs and crackers and fireworks, was to astonish the audience. The wild huntsman and pack of hell-hounds careered as best they could across the stage in a dim blue light; then came the wild bear--the manager was working the apparatus--he had lit the fusee at the bear's tail--he (the manager) was dancing with excitement, the animal was slowly jerked on the stage. 'It has stuck fast--no, it moves!'--the perspiration is streaming off the face of the manager, who is in his shirt sleeves. 'Well, will it go off--will it go off!'--Ah! das verfluchte Schwein!--will it go off! Es ist ausgegangen--the fusee is out; and the manager, no longer able to bear the strain on his nerves, rushes on to the stage in his shirt sleeves and applies a lighted candle to the tail of the refractory bear."

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"The following story," says Figaro of London, "is told of Prince Hatzfeldt, who was recently married to Miss Huntington. Prince Hatzfeldt has had a part in a romantic episode. The three Loisset sisters were all circus riders, but they were all three strictly virtuous, well brought up, graceful, clever and pretty. The eldest sister married a French gentleman and retired from the circus ring, and two of the most aristocratic and highly-born patricians of Germany fell in love with the two younger sisters--Prince Henry of Reuss and Prince Hatzfeldt. When old Kaiser Wilhelm heard of the projected mesalliances he was very angry. Von Reuss, openly ignoring the express commands of his sovereign, married the second Mlle. Loisset, sacrificing his princely rank and title and taking up his residence in Belgium with his wife as simple Count and Countess of Reichenfels. But Von Reuss felt keenly the change in his social position, and, although the Countess of Reichenfels was the most devoted of wives, the Prince destroyed himself a few years ago. The youngest of the three sisters, Mlle. Emilie Loisset, was also by far the prettiest, the most graceful, and the most sought after. Prince Hatzfeldt laid his heart and title in the sawdust at the feet of the fair *scuipere*, and she promised to become his wife. But Mlle. Loisset, while trying a dangerous horse in the arena of the Winter Circus, in Paris, one afternoon, was severely crushed by the animal falling on her. Three days later she succumbed to her terrible injuries. Prince Hatzfeldt swore he would never marry; and, buying the horse which had caused all this mischief, he unreasonably destroyed the poor brute which had crushed to death his affianced bride." He has not, however, kept his oath.

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"Madame Rudersdorff was on one occasion singing at Magdeburg, in Germany. The opera of the night was *Der Freischutz*. The opera house was an extremely small one and the manager an extremely stout man, who appeared to be stage manager, scene shifter and gas man, all in one. 'Madame,' he said, before the performance, 'na, sie werden sehen, we have arranged it magnificently--I have arranged the finest tableau that was ever seen--you will be astonished!--na, es wird doch schon sein!--ah, you will see!' and he trotted off, rubbing his hands delightedly. The night came, and with it the scene in the *Freischutz* in which the wild huntsman and his pack career across the stage. This was to be the chef d'oeuvre, the success of the evening--the music might go as it liked, so might the huntsman and his dogs; but a bear, a cardboard bear, full of squibs and crackers and fireworks, was to astonish the audience. The wild huntsman and pack of hell-hounds careered as best they could across the stage in a dim blue light; then came the wild bear--the manager was working the apparatus--he had lit the fusee at the bear's tail--he (the manager) was dancing with excitement, the animal was slowly jerked on the stage. 'It has stuck fast--no, it moves!'--the perspiration is streaming off the face of the manager, who is in his shirt sleeves. 'Well, will it go off--will it go off!'--Ah! das verfluchte Schwein!--will it go off! Es ist ausgegangen--the fusee is out; and the manager, no longer able to bear the strain on his nerves, rushes on to the stage in his shirt sleeves and applies a lighted candle to the tail of the refractory bear."

"NEXT!"

The following story," says Figaro of London, "is told of Prince Hatzfeldt, who was recently married to Miss Huntington. Prince Hatzfeldt has had a part in a romantic episode. The three Loisset sisters were all circus riders, but they were all three strictly virtuous, well brought up, graceful, clever and pretty. The eldest sister married a French gentleman and retired from the circus ring, and two of the most aristocratic and highly-born patricians of Germany fell in love with the two younger sisters--Prince Henry of Reuss and Prince Hatzfeldt. When old Kaiser Wilhelm heard of the projected mesalliances he was very angry. Von Reuss, openly ignoring the express commands of his sovereign, married the second Mlle. Loisset, sacrificing his princely rank and title and taking up his residence in Belgium with his wife as simple Count and Countess of Reichenfels. But Von Reuss felt keenly the change in his social position, and, although the Countess of Reichenfels was the most devoted of wives, the Prince destroyed himself a few years ago. The youngest of the three sisters, Mlle. Emilie Loisset, was also by far the prettiest, the most graceful, and the most sought after. Prince Hatzfeldt laid his heart and title in the sawdust at the feet of the fair *scuipere*, and she promised to become his wife. But Mlle. Loisset, while trying a dangerous horse in the arena of the Winter Circus, in Paris, one afternoon, was severely crushed by the animal falling on her. Three days later she succumbed to her terrible injuries. Prince Hatzfeldt swore he would never marry; and, buying the horse which had caused all this mischief, he unreasonably destroyed the poor brute which had crushed to death his affianced bride." He has not, however, kept his oath.

"NEXT!"

I see Figaro is putting the finishing touches onto me. I have time for just one yarn more. Henry Irving tells this story: "A haberdasher in London had joined the Junior Gardiner Club and become

inoculated with the idea of going on the stage. So he sold out his shop, reserving an ample supply of underwear, and invested the proceeds to eke out his salary as an actor. In time, his grand dreams of surpassing Kean and Kemble having departed, he was a humble utility man at the Royal Theatre, Manchester. But his invested money gave him income enough

WHOOPING THINGS.

"Tommy Rats" Weekly
Record of Exciting
Events.

EGCENTRICITIES OF LOVE.

How It Got Dead Loads of
People Into Scrapes.

THE LAND GONE HOWLING DAFT

All Parts of the Country Heard
From.

HERE'S A PRETTY HOW DE DO!

Notwithstanding the fact that it rained pretty much all of last week, the gentlemen and ladies of our glorious Union had time to whoop things, and they embellished the country in a real sweet manner. May be that's the reason the Heavens wept.

Whether in pleasant or stormy weather our kitchinish citizens of both genders have a congenial habit of whooping things, and they get in their fine looks in a manner that makes their easy-going, quiet-minded brethren and sisters roll their eyes in holy horror at the audaciousness of their villainy.

There is scarcely a State in the Union, from Maine to Texas, from Canada to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but that distinguished itself in a hilar-



ELOPED WITH A YOUTH.

ous and unorthodox manner. I would like to indite the particulars of all of these escapades, but hesitate, because of a want of space, and lest I might be indicted myself.

Here are a few of the eccentricities, innuendoes and peculiarities of our friend, the public.

A WILLIAMSTOWN, KY., ELOPEMENT.

Mrs. John Workman, of Williamstown, Ky., was the first lady who imagined that her home wasn't good enough for her and thought that she'd start a new family with another man. John, who is a wealthy farmer, dropped into Police Headquarters in Cincinnati a few days ago and announced that his helpmeet had helped meet another fellow in her town.

She had left him a few days previously to visit her sister, who lives in Cincinnati, and the next day Workman learned that his employer's son, John Frank, had also left the night before. Mrs. Workman and Frank seemed very fond of each other, and it is believed that they are together. The wife is twenty-four years old, while the husband is not quite twenty-one. They have been married about a year, and Mrs. Workman is about to become a mother. Detective Toker took the broken-hearted husband about town yesterday, but no trace of the missing wife was found. Workman then swallowed his trouble and went back to work on the farm. Later in the day, Major Gaul, of the Mayor's office, not knowing the woman, gave her a charity pass to Terre Haute, where she has relatives.

A NORRISTOWN, N. J., EX-COPPER COPPERS TWO GIRLS.

One of the quietest and cosiest of New York villages is Hobart, near Delhi. One of her citizens, or, rather ex-citizens was Arthur F. Hoops, who had formerly been a blue-buttoned, brass-coated guardian of the peace of Norristown, N. J. Hoops' heart was so large that one girl wasn't enough for him, and so he drew to a pair. As a result Hoops doesn't reside in Delhi. Hoops dropped into Hobart about five years ago, having with him as his wife an amiable and excellent woman belonging to a good Brooklyn family. In March, 1883, Hoops was arrested on a charge of attempting to kill his wife by poison, the motive assigned being a desire on his part to marry a rich and handsome young widow, named Griffin, with whom scandal said he was unduly intimate. He was indicted and tried for the crime at the following December term of the court, the trial lasting six days, and abounding with sensational developments. The handsome Widow Griffin evinced her concern for Hoops by going on his bail bond, pending action by the Grand Jury, and by appearing as a witness for the defence at the trial, when she testified that the relations between them were of a

purely platonic and business nature. When the jury retired to deliberate on a verdict they stood eight for acquittal and four for conviction, but the minority finally assented to a verdict of not guilty.

The trial was followed by the exhumation of the remains of John W. Griffin, the widow's late husband, in connection with a report that he had come to his death by poison. The investigation by a coroner and jury, however, disclosed no evidences of foul play.

After the alleged attempt upon her life, Mrs. Hoops returned to Brooklyn and got a divorce from her hus-



BREAKING UP HOUSEKEEPING.

band, while Hoops went to Delhi, where he has been pursued by other scandals. He made love to two respectable girls, and, as alleged, agreed to marry both if they would elope with him to New York. One of the deluded girls entrusted him with the trunk containing her best clothing, and with \$100 in money. The other girl slipped away from home under an arrangement to meet him at Walton. Her parents soon found that she had fled, and had bought a railroad ticket for Walton. They telegraphed to Deputy Sheriff Levi Chase to arrest and detain her, which he did. The parents came on by the next train and persuaded the infatuated girl to return home. When Hoops put in an appearance Officer Chase promptly collared him on charges of abduction and larceny. He surrendered the trunk and the \$100 in money that he had obtained from one of his victims. As no one seemed inclined to prosecute the case further he was permitted to skip out by the first train to New York with a warning never to return to those parts.

A SOUTH CAROLINA SUICIDE.

Miss Essie Westmoreland, who lived with her parents, prominent people of Davidson county, South Carolina, astonished the natives of the whole of that section of the State recently. Miss Essie was one of the prettiest girls in the place. She was but sixteen years of age, yet the tender feeling had entered her heart. She had loved a young man of the town, but because of her youth her parents objected. As a result of the objection the young girl determined upon extreme measures. She begged to be permitted to "keep company" with the youth, but when her parents told her that she must wait four years she went to her room exclaiming:

"All right, then. This will be the last of me."

She refused to come out to supper, and quietly slipped out into the back yard, procured a piece of rope, mounted a fence by a large tree, tied one end of the rope to a limb and the other end around her neck, let herself down from the fence and slowly choked to death. Her neck was not broken. When found her body was still warm. Vigorous efforts were made to resuscitate her, but proved ineffectual. Her lover is almost crazed.

AN INDIANAPOLIS BRIDE'S LUCK.

After nursing his love for forty-five years, A. C. Lanier of New York got his spirits up to the proposing point and wedded the object of his affections. He is a son of the founder of the banking firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., of New York, and he was married in Indianapolis a few days ago to Mrs. Stella Sering. The groom is sixty-nine and the bride sixty-four years of age. Mrs. Sering was a Miss Godman of Madison, where Lanier lived, and he and Sering were friends. Both loved Miss Godman, but she made a choice of Sering and they were married in 1845. This did not sever the ties of warm friendship which bound the three together. Lanier was wealthy, and when Stella Godman became Stella Sering he went to Europe. For years he traveled about the countries of the eastern continent. Then he came back to Indiana and settled



A STRANGE MARRIAGE.

down to bachelorhood. His best friends were Mr. and Mrs. Sering, and he was a frequent visitor to their home. The friendship continued after Sering moved to this city and Lanier became a regular visitor at his house. Last June Colonel Sering died. When he knew his malady was fatal, he sent for his life-long friend,

Send for our New Holiday Catalogue of Handsome and Useful Articles for Holiday Presents. All the goods in this catalogue are at the lowest New York prices.

RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.

Alexander Lanier. When his boyhood rival and his wife stood at his bedside, he joined their hands, and these were his parting words to his friend: "I have no fear for Stella, for I know you will take care of her." The sequel of this story occurred when Rev. M. L. Haines declared Alexander Lanier and Stella Sering to be husband and wife.

A NORWICH, CONN., BIGAMIST.

Not satisfied with one woman, William A. Norris, of Norwich, Conn., has got himself into a peck of trouble by poaching upon his neighbor's preserves.

Twenty years ago he married a Voluntown young woman, with whom he lived until another woman came across his pathway to wean his affections from his first love. Representing himself as a single man, he wooed and won the heart and hand of Miss Mary E. Loomis, of Sterling, in Windham county, and they were married on a day soon after the first of the present month.

Mrs. Norris, who still resides in Norwich, enlisted the services of Sheriff Hawkins to bring her husband to justice. She believed he was living with his new wife somewhere about Stonington, and acting upon that information the sheriff notified Sheriff Hoxie to make a tour of examination of his district. Success rewarded his search, and the other morning Sheriff Hawkins was notified that the pair had been captured living together in Pawcatuck.

HE LOVED HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The intrepidity of John Everett, of Buffalo, N. Y., takes the terrapin. The gentleman's mother-in-law's daughter, otherwise Mrs. Everett, is suing her genial



THE ARREST OF THE ELOPERS.

hubby for a divorce. The cause of this extraordinary action on the part of Mrs. Everett is the fact, or alleged fact, that Mr. Everett has been guilty of malfeasance in his domestic offices. From time immemorial the much-derided mother-in-law has been a great graft for unhallowed paragraphs and other gentlemen who did not have this almost necessary appendage, and who only spoke and wrote what they spoke and wrote from hearsay, and not from personal experience.

The couple at war are respectively seventeen and twenty-three years of age, while the skittish mother-in-law is forty-six. She loved John and he finally responded to her affection. He was married but



HE LOVED HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

a year ago, and on the night the wedding feast was spread the bride found her husband and mother in each other's arms. Finally they turned her out of doors, and she went to live with an aunt.

The people concerned live at 27 Strauss street, are well-to-do and belong to the respectable classes.

And thus our merry life progresses. We are here last week and somewhere else day before tomorrow. We arise in the morning full of the best of spirits and go to bed full of the very worst. We know not what a day may bring forth—or even third. Perhaps, after all, it's just as well. If we could see our future it's a chromo to a chew of tobacco that the coroners would be kept busy picking the majority of us out of the deep, murmuring, ever-onward river.

Isn't that, readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, a wild, weird, uncanny, spooky fact?

TOMMY RATS.

A HUMAN FLYING MACHINE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A spicy story comes from the quiet little town of Metamora, Ind. Dr. F. M. Cupp has for some time past been suspicious of his wife. Recently the doctor informed the lady that he would not return home until late, having business in a neighboring town, but instead of being late he returned about nine o'clock to find his house door locked from the inside. Through a crack in the door he recognized young Harry Martindale in loving proximity to Mrs. Cupp, who is young and very enticing. The injured husband's demands to open the door were not heeded. Young Martindale, in trying to escape, jumped from the second story window, landing almost in Cupp's arms, but escaped. Mrs. Cupp then left the house and spent the night at a friend's house. The following morning the doctor drew up a paper, which proved to be a confession of his wife's guilt, and going to Martindale induced him to sign it, explaining that his wife had signed a similar document. Then, going to his

wife, with her paramour's signature attached to the paper, induced her to sign it. The doctor is now suing for a divorce.

PLUCKY AUSTIN GIBBONS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Austin Gibbons, the young pugilist who is soon to meet Mike Cushing in the fistic ring for the 126-pound championship of the world, \$500 a side and a \$1,000 purse given by Doc McDonough, was born in Paterson, N. J., Aug. 17, 1871. He entered the prize ring at a very early age. When only fourteen years old he had a set-to, with gloves, with Jimmy Green, doing him up in grand style in three rounds, winning the bantam-weight championship of New Jersey. In succession he has fought the following battles: Beated Luke Clark in six rounds; in three rounds done up George Young of London; knocked out George Butler of Newark, N. J., in eleven rounds; at the end of the fifth round had put to sleep Jimmy Lyddy of Elizabeth, N. J.; fought eleven rounds with Frank Allen, champion middle-weight of California; was declared the winner at the end of the ninth round in a battle with Frank Moore of Elizabeth, N. J., and Jack Kenney of New York, who he beat in seven rounds. The sporting gentry think his coming fight with Mike Cushing will be the event of his life. His portrait will be found on another page.

HIT IN TWO ORGANS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

William B. Smith is the richest man in Bergen county, N. J., but with all his wealth he is not happy. At present he is suffering from a wound in the head, and he is also nursing a deep wound in his heart. The wound in the head was inflicted by Mrs. Smith with a slungshot. Mrs. Smith charges her husband with being too attentive to an actress known as Mrs. Harris, who lived, until recently, at Smithville, N. J. At various times during the past few months Mrs. Smith has amused herself by pulling great handfuls of the pretty actress' hair. A few nights since Smith did not return home until very late. The following morning Mrs. Smith assaulted him with a slungshot, striking him upon the head and knocking him down. Smith has sworn out a warrant for his wife's arrest. Mrs. Smith has skipped the town.

GAY GIRL GAMBLERS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Washington, D. C., ministers are shocked at a story that has just leaked out regarding a number of their flock. The story is as follows: For some time past a number of the society belles have formed what they termed a "Social Club." Like others of their sex, they could not keep from talking and the result is that they are now sorry. They have been in the habit of going to the club and there indulging in the festive game known as draw poker, drinking numerous "small bottles," and downing any quantity of soups, cocktails and fizzes. Some of the fair gamblers have gone into retirement for a few weeks until the affair blows over, and until they can get their hats on without the aid of shoe-horns.

A DUEL ON THE STREET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently a cutting affray occurred in Nueva Laredo, Texas, in which both parties were badly used up, one of them being fatally wounded. Ramon Fuentes became enamored of the mistress of Solias Nunces, and after making advances to her was assaulted on the street by Nunces, who stabbed him, the knife passing through his left arm, penetrating his breast, but not making a wound of any consequence. Fuentes then drew his knife and a pitched battle ensued, in which both parties were cut and slashed in a fearful manner. Nunces was cut in the abdomen and side and is said to be mortally wounded. Fuentes received wounds in the neck and breast and recovery is doubtful. Both parties are under arrest.

MOBBED BY MASKED MEN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

H. J. Olsen, fifty years of age, of Preston, Wis., was taken from his house recently and lynched. Olsen had just served a term of five years in prison for attempting to blow up a family by charging a log of wood with powder. When released from prison he was notified to leave town. This warning was not heeded. The lynchers did not give him time to dress, but dragged him to a tree about twenty feet from his house and there strung him up. Several of the lynchers have been arrested. A close relative of Olsen is said to be implicated.

THE ELEPHANT OWNED THE TOWN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

West Point, Neb., citizens were recently treated to a circus that had not been billed to appear in town. Sonneheim & Valentine had purchased an elephant to be used for advertising purposes. When the elephant arrived there was a small bill of \$500 tacked to it for freight. This the enterprising firm refused to pay. While the railroad officials were getting out an attachment on the elephant's trunk, Mr. Elephant had broken from his quarters, and started out to see the town. After he had cleaned out a drug store, guzzled a livery stable and broke several windows, he was finally lassoed and put in confinement.

PRETTY RACHEL BOOTH.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Rachel Booth, whose fair face looks down on our readers in another column, is the leading soubrette of the Donnelly and Girard Company. She was born in Rochester, N. Y. Her work as the original Carrie Story in the "Tin Soldier," and as Timpey in "Natural Gas," have made her many friends among fun-loving patrons of the theatre.

A LIVELY RUNNER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Thomas H. Higham will be found on another page. Mr. Higham is a well-known Boston sprinter, and has done some pretty tall running in his day. He has a three-mile record of 16 minutes 2 seconds, which he and his friends consider pretty lively time. Higham is open to challenges.

LOOK HERE, FRIEND, ARE YOU SICK?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Nightmares or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Florapexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.



MYSTERIOUS HERRMANN, THE MAGICIAN.
A MAN OF NIMBLE HAND, ELOQUENT TONGUE AND CLAIRVOYANT THOUGHT.



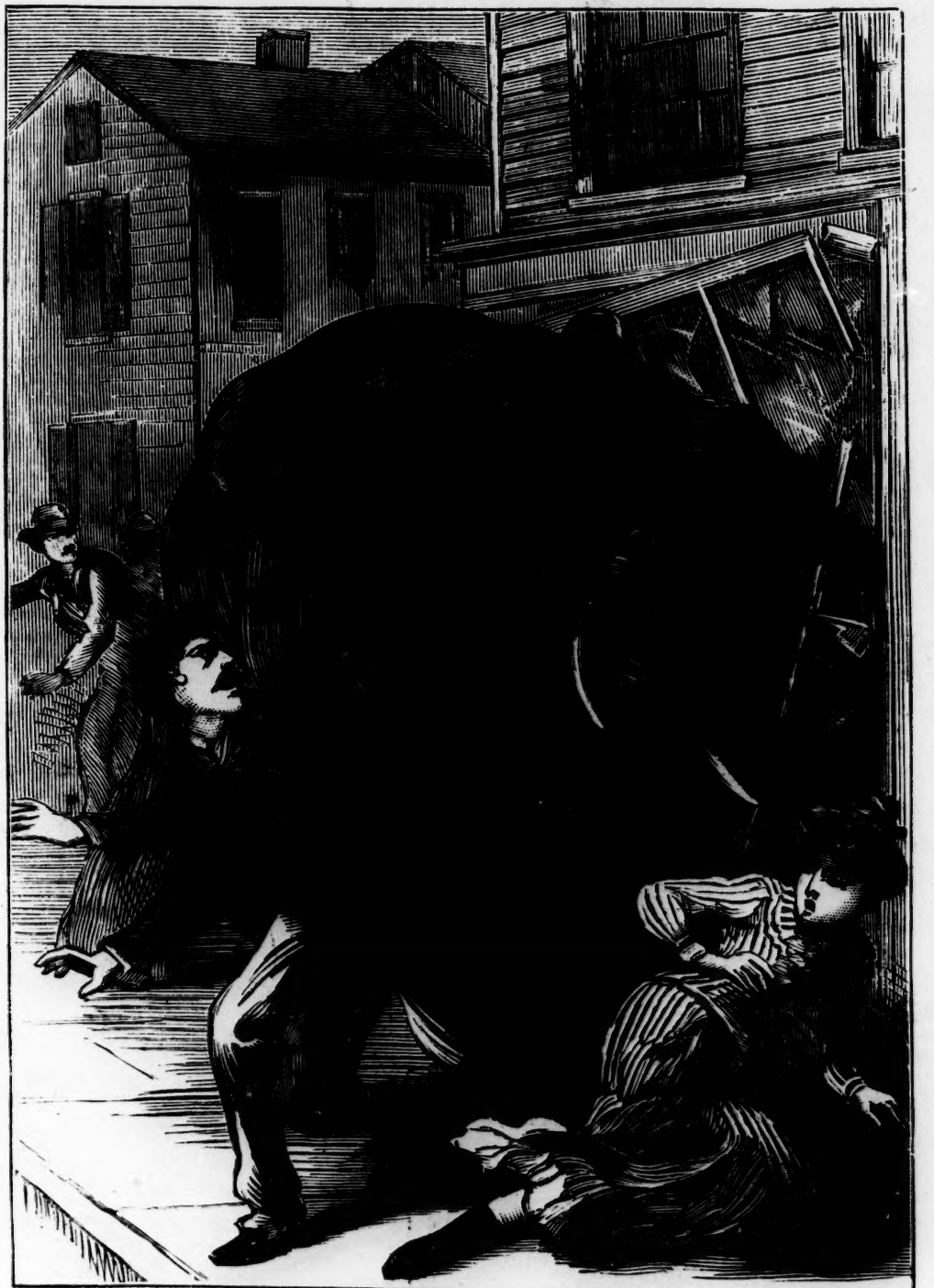
PRETTY RACHEL BOOTH,
THE BOUNCING AND BUBBLING SOUBRETTE OF THE "NATURAL GAS" COMPANY.



A DUEL ON THE STREET.
TWO LAREDO, TEXAS, CITIZENS INDULGE IN A SHARP AND INCISIVE CONTROVERSY
IN WHICH BOTH ARE SEVERELY INJURED.



HIT IN TWO ORGANS.
ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST CITIZENS OF BERGEN CO., N. J., STRUCK IN THE HEART BY
CUPID'S DARTS AND ON THE HEAD BY A SLUNGSHOT.



THE ELEPHANT OWNED THE TOWN.
THE MAMMOTH BRUTE BREAKS LOOSE IN WEST POINT, NEB., AND HAS EVERY-
THING HIS OWN WAY UNTIL RECAPTURED.



A DASHING YOUNG PREACHER.

ROBERT E. HALL, WHO IS WANTED IN PUEBLO, COLO., FOR TAKING IN VAIN THE NAME OF A WEALTHY CITIZEN.



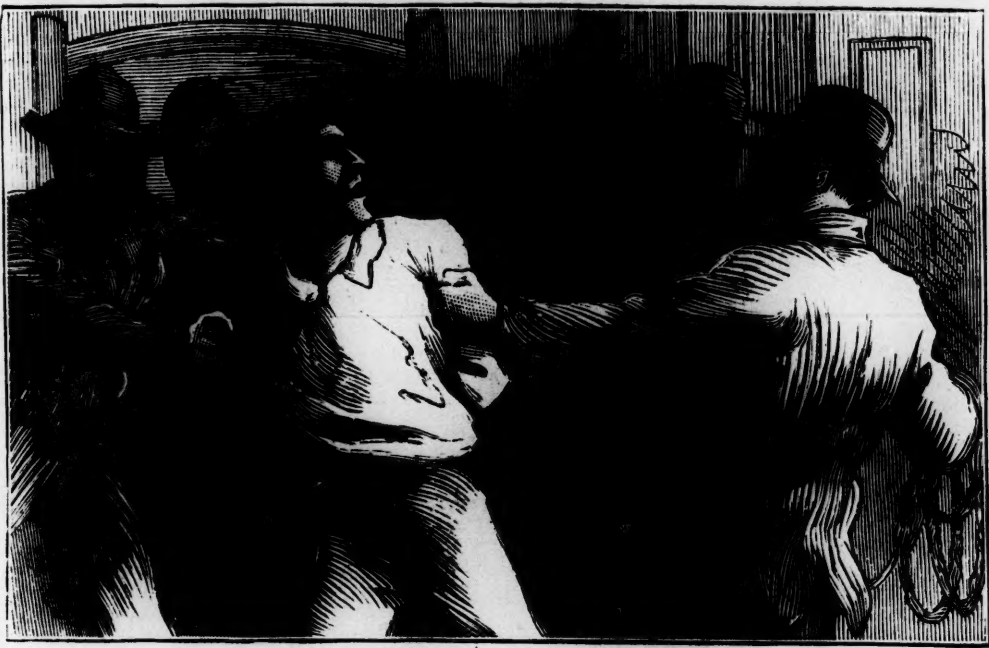
FLY MARY J. McBRIDE.

A GIDDY MAIDEN OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA WHO HAD A PENCHANT FOR LUCIFER MATCHES.



HE FELL FROM GRACE.

HARRY D. SCHALL, OF CHICAGO, WHO ROBBED HIS EMPLOYERS AND WAS SENTENCED TO TWO YEARS' IMPRISONMENT.



MOBBED BY MASKED MEN.

H. J. OLSEN, OF PRESTON, WIS., OFFENDS HIS NEIGHBORS AND THEY YANK HIM FROM HIS HOUSE AND STRING HIM TO A TREE.



A HUMAN FLYING MACHINE.

DR. F. M. CUPP, OF METAMORA, IND., RETURNS HOME UNEXPECTEDLY AND CATCHES HARRY MARTINDALE ESCAPING FROM A TRYST.



GAY GIRL GAMBLERS.

A NUMBER OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SOCIETY BELLES INDULGE IN "JOHN CHAMBERS," ALIAS JACK POTS.

SOUTHWORTH--PETTUS.

The Story of the Woman who
Assassinated Her Lover.

WAS SHE CRAZED BY GRIEF,

Or Did She Murder Her Paramour
Through Spite?

A REMARKABLE TALE.

What Was Brought Out at the
Coroner's Inquest.

INDICTED BY THE GRAND JURY.

Hundreds of curiosity seekers flocked to the Court of Common Pleas, New York, on Tuesday, Nov. 26, to catch a glimpse of Hanna B. Southworth, who assassinated Stephen L. Pettus on lower Fulton street on the preceding Friday morning. The inquest was held by Coroner Levy, and when the interesting prisoner was ushered into the room there was scarcely standing room.

Mrs. Southworth came up from the Tombs in a carriage with Police Captain McLaughlin and Lawyer Howe. Her mother and William B. Martin, her brother,



ROSA LLOYD'S CONFESSION.

met her at the Court House, and the family, with Lawyer Howe, sat at one end of the lawyers' table.

Mrs. Southworth had improved in appearance, but was still clearly a very frail woman, and a heavy cough was evidence of the disease of the lungs from which she has suffered for many years. Her emaciation is extreme. She wore the same dress and wrap that she had on when she murdered Mr. Pettus, but instead of the inharmonious black hat that she wore then she had put on a natty looking hat of brown felt, evidently made to go with the rest of her costume. Her reddish brown hair was also dressed more tastefully, and had evidently been freshly curled over the forehead and at the back of the neck. Her wide brown eyes were open and bright. She seemed careless of all that passed about her except at rare intervals. The crowd eyed her hungrily, but she seemed not to know how she was being stared at.

Officer Goodwin was the first witness. He testified that on the morning of the murder he was at his post at the corner of Fulton and South streets when he heard the shots, ran up and seized the woman, and taking her into the store where Mr. Pettus lay, asked her why she had done it. She said that the man had ruined her and dishonored her. Mr. Pettus was unable to speak. Goodwin then took her to the police station. On the way she said that the man had drugged her.

Goodwin identified the pistol, and Lawyer Howe asked him if he couldn't see on two of the empty shells marks indicating that the woman had pulled the trigger again and again after all the shots had been fired. The witness said he couldn't, but Mr. Howe said the marks were there and a microscope would show them.

Philip Smith, clerk at 10 Fulton street, saw Mr. Pettus run into the store and start as if to search be-



MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S REMORSE.

hind the door; he then took two steps into the store and fell on the floor. Blood was gushing from his mouth, and he died in a few moments. The policeman brought in the woman and asked her "if the man was her husband." She replied: "No, not my husband; but that man disgraced me and ruined me."

Patrick Dougherty, an expressman, of 57 Kosciuszko street, Brooklyn, saw a woman with a revolver chas-

ing a man and firing at him. She was about five feet behind the man and aiming at his back.

Frank B. Carter, a fruit dealer at 203 Front street, saw a woman firing at a man. "I ran toward them, and then there was another shot, and I ran into a cigar store and stayed there until the shooting was over. Then I came out and went back to my stand."

Wm. A. Dawson, of 35 Old Slip, came across from Brooklyn on the ferryboat and, going up Fulton street, saw a man and woman before him. He didn't notice them particularly until he saw her take two or three rapid steps and fire a revolver twice; then there were



GOING INTO COURT.

two more shots, and the man turned partly around, and then another shot. She aimed straight at the man's back.

Edward F. Nagle, of 14 Fulton street; Elias Samuels, of 23 Houston street; A. M. Sweet, of 4 Fulton street, and Charles Waffield, a colored waiter of 4 Fulton street, also saw the shooting.

Capt. McLaughlin testified that as soon as he reached the station house after the murder he had Mrs. Southworth brought into his office.

"She asked if the man was dead. I said 'Yes.' She said, 'I'm glad of it.' I said, 'Why?' She said, 'Because he ruined my reputation and the reputation of my family.' She was hysterical, but in moments of calm told me part of her story, which was that Mr. Pettus had taken her to a house, drugged her and ruined her."

Mr. Howe—You say she was hysterical; now, isn't it a fact that she was very, very hysterical?

Capt. McLaughlin—Well, she couldn't sit still. She would pace the floor back and forth and then sit down and get up again. She appeared to have a choking sensation in her throat.

Mr. Howe—Were her acts rational or irrational?

Lawyer Bedford—That might be proper before a petit jury, but not here.

Coroner Levy—If it would be proper before a petit jury, why isn't it proper evidence here?

Mr. Howe—Why does the District Attorney attempt to shut out truth or to hide it? Is this case so different from all others? You have asked for the condition of



AS THE MURDERESS APPEARED IN COURT.

the deceased just after the shooting; I ask for the condition of the defendant at the same time.

The Coroner allowed the question, and Capt. McLaughlin said: "She was absent-minded. I would ask her questions, and she didn't seem to know what I was talking about. She couldn't remember the street or number of her house in Brooklyn. She could only talk about one thing, about Pettus and her trouble with him."

Examined by Mr. Howe as to what property had been found on Mr. Pettus' body when it was searched at the station house, he mentioned a letter, which Mr. Howe wanted produced. Mr. Howe had photographic copies of the Rosa Lloyd letters in his hand, and he compared them curiously with the one the Coroner handed him. Then he asked that the letter be put in evidence. Lawyer Bedford objected, but the Coroner allowed it, and Mr. Howe read the letter found in the dead man's pocket with his best dramatic effect and in his usually eloquent manner dilated upon it. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I came down to the flat to-day. I believe now it is for the best, as I am so much more comfortable with my health. My rheumatism is intense, and I fear I will keep so as long as this damp weather continues. C. is, of course, with me, and I hope to have a girl to-morrow. Several came this afternoon, but would not accept my wages. N. left for her new home. She will make the arrangement for you to come and see me Friday if it will suit you. I am so glad you want to see me, and I thank you with all my heart for your great kindness about my rent. I want you to come and see me always. I try to think I will give you up. Oh! it is so hard, and I have had such a struggle with myself since the experience I wrote you of. I hope C. will soon get something to do. Then it is always safe for you to come. I am so proud and grateful of my little home, sick as I am. I would

BOXING AND HOW TO TRAIN. Fully illustrated. Now ready. Price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

give much to see you to-day. Please destroy every note you have of mine. If you don't see N. before Friday you had better communicate with her at her new home, so I will know when to expect you.

As he read, Mrs. Southworth for the first time manifested interest in the case. She sat leaning forward with her eyes shining, drinking in every word. Afterward she asked Mr. Howe to get the letter for her, and when he had done so she compared it herself, excitedly, with the handwriting in the Rosa Lloyd photographs. Apparently it satisfied her that they were in different writing, and that there must have been still another woman with whom Pettus was involved. After a time her excitement left her, and she relapsed into indifference again.

The coroner asked if any counsel, friends or relatives of Mr. Pettus desired to testify, and, no one responding, he adjourned the case for an hour to wait for Dr. Jenkins, who made the autopsy. Mrs. Southworth was taken into an adjoining room, and, after lunching on a chicken sandwich and a glass of sherry returned to the court room. Mr. Jenkins testified after the recess, and, neither Lawyer Bedford or Mr. Howe desiring to address the jury, the coroner charged that the jury's duty was plain and simple, and sent it out. It returned in a few minutes with a verdict that "Stephen Pettus came to his death by pistol-shot wounds inflicted by Hanna B. Southworth in Fulton street, near the premises known as No. 10, on Friday, Nov. 23, 1889, at or about 10 o'clock A. M." The coroner thereupon committed her to the Tombs without bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

She took leave of her relatives in the Court House, and was taken back to her cell immediately by Capt. McLaughlin. She seemed brighter and more cheerful than at any time since she killed Mr. Pettus.

Here are letters which are claimed to have been



LAWYER HOWE GROWS ELOQUENT.

written by Rosa Lloyd to Mrs. Southworth. They explain themselves and are interesting:

BROOKLYN, Jan. 25, 1889.

MY DEAR HANNA: I sympathize fully with you, and believe what you say about Stephen Pettus. I know you would not voluntarily have submitted to his embraces. I know what a black-hearted scoundrel he is, for by his infamous acts four years since he seduced me and induced me to yield to his solicitations. It is with shame I confess it, but I feel I must stand by you in this matter. Sincerely your friend, ROSA.

JAN. 25, 1889.

MY DEAR HANNA: I hope you have received my hasty note in your hour of affliction. It was hard to confess the humiliation and degradation which I had endured from Stephen Pettus, but my sympathy for you was so great I felt I must confide in you. Your story was wholly unsuspected and gave me a terrible shock. I may not have expressed all I felt in my hasty note, and write again to assure you of my sincere sympathy and desire to help you. Ever sincerely your friend, ROSA.

JAN. 25, 1889.

MY DEAR HANNA—I only have time to write you a short note and tell you truthfully I was not with Stephen Pettus on Thursday afternoon last, neither did I write to him breaking our engagement for last Saturday afternoon. Your brother Bart kindly warned me I was being watched, and therefore I determined not to go to meet Pettus, not knowing who my enemy was. It is impossible for me to write all that has passed between Pettus and myself, but I will see you Monday up at my friend Mrs. Richardson's. She lives at 511 Lexington avenue. Take the Myrtle L road and get off at Sumner avenue, or, better still, if Bart would drive you up there, I will be there first and see you when you come. I will see my friend and make it all right with her. About 1½ P. M. Monday, unless you hear from me again telling you different. Jimmie I think a little bit better, but you know how fully occupied



CAPT. M'LAUGHLIN IDENTIFIES LETTER.

my time is in nursing him. Nothing but respect for my father's wishes keeps us apart. Believe me as ever your sincere friend, ROSA.

On Wednesday the grand jury promptly indicted Mrs. Southworth for murder in the first degree.

HE TRICKED THE SHERIFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Enos Thompson was recently shot and killed by Tom Carter at Texarkana, Ark. Carter was immediately placed under arrest. While being taken to jail, he requested that he be permitted to visit his family

before going to jail. The deputy sheriff is a family man and could not refuse this appeal, and so granted the request. On entering Carter's home they were met by Mrs. Carter and her mother. The former, who had concealed a shotgun behind her, immediately placed it in the hands of her husband; he leveled it at the dazed sheriff, who left the premises, leaving Carter and the women masters of the situation. A horse was in readiness, which Carter mounted, and, despite the efforts of the officers to capture him, he made good his escape.

BRAVE RESCUERS KILLED.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A fire broke out recently in the St. Lawrence copper mines, near Butte, Mont., in which seven men perished. As soon as it was discovered that some of the miners were still in the mine volunteers were called for. The cages, filled with rescuers, began a rapid descent. Four of the half dead prisoners were dragged to the cage, but before the fifth could be reached the rescuers were nearly stifled, and the signal to ascend was given. The men were so suffocated with the smoke and exhausted that they were powerless to assist each other and could scarcely retain their hold on the cage. Harry Page, of the rescued party, lost his hold and fell down to the sump at the bottom of the shaft, 1,000 feet below the surface. At the 300-foot level Tim Kelleher, a brakeman, fell off and was dashed to death at the bottom of the shaft. At the 15-foot level John Lyons toppled over, but was grabbed by one of the rescuers. Lyons' head was terribly smashed and his left leg broken in two places. It is thought he cannot survive. As near as can be ascertained, seven men are still in the burning mine.

LOADED FOR BEAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The Yale students have been having a large and elegant time since the victory over the Harvard boys at the recent game of football. About sixty of the Yale boys bought a black bear from the proprietor of a well-known New Haven cafe, and started out to show Mr. Bruin the town. At the first stopping place Bruin was convinced that the proper thing for him to do on his maiden tour of the town would be to drink a quart of champagne, which he did with seeming relish. Unfortunately for the bear he mixed drinks, the result being a glorious, or, rather, inglorious drunk. The happy students made several efforts to induce his Bearship to climb the flag pole, but the jag Bruin was carrying prevented him from doing so. Seeing two policemen, the bear, with a knowing wink and a very pronounced stagger, started for the terrified coppers, who retreated to the station house. The bear was finally placed in a cab and driven home.

TWO MISCREANTS' ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Recently two men entered the residence of George E. Bradford, on Broadway, Cincinnati, Ill., and, overpowering Mrs. Lizzie Bradford, tied her by the wrists to a door in such a position that the slightest movement caused her intense pain. The villains, after threatening her with instant death should she make an outcry, proceeded to ransack the house. Evidently they were after cash only, as nothing but a pocketbook containing five dollars was taken. The two men then parted, leaving Mrs. Bradford fastened to the door. After three hours hard work the terrified young woman managed to loosen her hands. When her husband returned to his dinner at 12 o'clock he found his wife lying on her bed in a fainting condition. The police are hunting for the thieves.

SUICIDE IN A GRAVEYARD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Considerable excitement was created in Quincy, Ill., recently, when it became known that John Woods, one of their most prominent business men, had committed suicide in a local cemetery by shooting himself. The dead man was the second son of John Woods, who was the first white settler of Quincy and the second Governor of the State of Illinois. The suicide's father, who died nine years ago, was at one time a very wealthy man, but he was ruined by his son's attempt to corner the wheat market and break the Chicago Board of Trade in 1872. The suicide married his deceased wife's sister, who survives him.

FLY MARY J. MCBRIDE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

About a year ago Miss Mary J. McBride, of Washington, D. C., was tried and convicted in the criminal court upon an indictment charging her with arson in having set fire to the house in which she resided, 515 Eleventh street, northwest. The prosecution claimed that she set fire to the premises for the purpose of securing \$2,000 worth of insurance. Her counsel has been for some time past trying to get a new trial, but Justice Hagner decided recently that Miss McBride was guilty and denied the motion for a new trial. According to the decision, she will have to serve four years in jail. Mary's portrait will be found on another page.

WENT UP IN SMOKE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Little three-year-old George Joyce, who died recently at his parents' home at Skillman, N. J., learned to enjoy his pipe at the unusual age of one year. Since that time he has been in the habit of smoking from one to three pipes of tobacco a day. A few days ago the child was taken with convulsions, which continued until he died. Dr. T. D. Thompson, of Hartigen, says death was immediately due to nicotine poisoning.

MYSTERIOUS HERRMANN, THE MAGICIAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Herrmann, the magician, looks at our readers this week in mysterious impressiveness. His tricks and eloquence have given him a world-wide reputation, and his enterprises in other paths of the theatrical enterprise have placed him in the front rank of successful vaudeville purveyors of our time.

A DASHING YOUNG PREACHER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Elsewhere will be found the portrait of Robert E. Hall, the dashing young preacher and alleged forger, who was recently arrested in Washington, D. C., by Detective Raff. Hall will be taken to Pueblo, Col., where the forgery was committed.

FIVE VALUABLE BOOKS—"Cockers' Guide," "Dog Pit," "Police Gazette Card Player," "Bartenders' Guide," and "Boxing and How to Train"—all copiously illustrated. Price, 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

LARGE FOOTBALL.

The Thanksgiving Day Princeton-Yale Game.

THOUSANDS ON DECK.

The Most Exciting Contest Ever Witnessed.

PRINCETON WALLOPS YALE,

And Does the New Haven Boys Up Brown.

OTHER GAMES OF NOTE.

[WITH ILLUSTRATION AND PORTRAITS.]

Twenty thousand people, probably more, witnessed one of the most exciting football contests on record on Thanksgiving Day. It was between Princeton and Yale, and the boys slung each other all over Berkeley Oval. On several occasions during the melee it looked as if Gov. Hill would have to be notified to call out the troops.

How the girls did go almost crazy over the boys, and



AFTER A QUIET BALL.

how the boys did themselves proud in the presence of the girls.

The following were the fellows of each eleven, and when they got through they looked as if they had been fooling with threshing machines.

PRINCETON.	POSITIONS.	YALE.
Warren.....	Right end.....	Hartwell
Cash.....	Right tackle.....	Rhodes
Riggs.....	Right guard.....	Newell
George.....	Centre.....	Runsen
Janeway.....	Left guard.....	Hoffdinger
Donnelly.....	Left tackle.....	Gill
Cowan.....	Left end.....	Stagg
McClung.....	Quarter back.....	Warrenburg
Poe.....	Half back.....	Harvey
Channing.....	Full back.....	McClung
Black.....		Ames
Ames.....		

Everything being in readiness for play, the boys lined up and went at it.

Princeton had the ball at the start. The game began with the "V" trick. They gained five yards, Channing making three.

Cowan advanced it with a run through the centre. Cash carried it still further. Then Yale gained the ball on a fumble and got five yards. Harvey carried it three yards. Then Yale lost it on a fumble. The ball was passed to Ames, who kicked it well up the field.

It went to Yale, and McBride kicked it down the field. So far the playing was even. There seemed to be as much kicking as running.

A long kick of McBride's brought the ball within 25 yards of Princeton's goal.

Ames caught it, but was tackled at once.

He returned it. Riggs fell on it and the ball went to Yale on account of his having touched it while he was off side. The ball was kicked on the fourth down.

It was touched by a Princeton player, but a Yale man fell on it. George, the old centre rush, was injured in the knee. Jones took his place. This was a severe loss to Princeton.

With the ball in play and Jones playing in place of George, the brunt of the Yale attack was brought toward the centre.

After a few moments' playing Gill got the ball and endeavored, with the aid of his fellow-rushers, to penetrate the Princeton line. Riggs was there, though, and made a superb tackle, bringing the gritty captain to earth and injuring himself. His right ankle was badly strained, but after a few moments' rest he pluckily resumed the struggle.

The ball was near the Princeton goal, but the next instant a foul tackle gave the orange and black a gain of five yards.

Back and forth they plunged along the line, never gaining a foot, but frequently biting the mud, into which they dove as recklessly as if into the surf of the ocean.

A fumble of the ball gave Cash a chance to get it, and he threw himself upon it, reckless of consequences. When in play again, after Yale had gained a few feet, she lost five yards on a foul.

It was significant blocking and tackling, and Black among them. A pass to Ames resulted in a kick almost to the starting line where Riggs caught it, only to be mowed down before he could kick it.

made a run of six yards, and on a pass McBride a calking kick far up into Princeton's territory got the ball, but before he could kick it he was kissing the earth beneath a Yale fumble. Princeton gained five yards

more for interfering, and Ames kicked it on a pass, McBride falling on the spheroid. McBride kicked it to the side, and Gill and Ames raced for it. Gill got it, but the ball went to Princeton on a fumble, and Cowan ran a few yards with it. Yale got it and McBride got a run. Little Poe tackled beautifully. The ball went from side to side, the first bad play of



SUPERINDUCING AN APPETITE.

the game being made when McBride fumbled the ball on a kick from Ames, and Cowan fell on it. Yale got the ball on a fumble and advanced it three yards. The rush line work was very short on Princeton's part.

Jerry Riggs did the most phenomenal rush line work for Princeton. Yale got five yards on a foul off side play.

McBride kicked the ball and Gill fell on it. Poe protested, but Brookes gave it to Yale, on the ground that it had touched a Princeton player.

This brought the ball to within twenty-five yards of Princeton's goal. It was a very questionable decision.

Princeton got the ball on the fourth down, and Ames kicked it well up the field.

McBride returned it and Channing caught it on the fly, but was tackled before he made three yards.

Cash of Princeton advanced the ball five yards on the best run made up to that point. Ames took the ball and slammed it. The kick was a decidedly favorable one, for it went far into Yale's territory.

It did not remain there long, though, for McBride made a savage kick that put it within fifty yards of Princeton's goal.

Back and forth the ball went on kicks until Harvey got it. Warren made a superb tackle, and Donnelly repeated it the next instant.

McClung was hurt at this point and Poe apologized to him. McClung left the field and Morrison took his place. On a most scientific pass from Poe, Ames got the ball and made the run of the game under cover of Poe.

Ames, true to his name of Snake, made a superb dash far into Yale's territory. It began to look desperate,



ONLY A LITTLE FUN.

when Ames made a kick that landed too close to the goal.

McBride got it, and after three downs had been made he got in a good kick. Channing got it and eluded four men for a dozen yards.

Both teams began to struggle as they never did before, and a little scrapping began to make itself apparent. Princeton lost five yards on a foul tackle by Janeway.

Princeton had the ball down within twenty-five yards of the goal, when a foul from Yale gave them twenty-five yards to the goal.

Ames made another sensational run, gaining fifteen yards more.

The first half closed, neither side having scored.



A NEW STYLE TOBOGGAN.

George's injury is quite a serious one. A ligament of his left ankle is broken. After enduring tortures for half an hour, he was induced to go to the club house.

"I want to see the game," he cried, doggedly, but at last he had to submit. An ambulance was called, and he was taken to the Murray Hill Hotel. Later on he was almost as good as new, and was ready for the next game.

After a short intermission, during which the respec-

Two GREAT BOOKS—Bella Starr; or, The Female Outlaw of the West; and Devil Anse; or, The Hatfield-McCoy Outlaws. Handsomely illustrated; 25 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

tive sides were congratulated by their friends, the second half was begun, and the boys went at it again.

Yale had the ball, and Gill gained ten yards with the wedge.

Hansen snapped the ball, and McBride made a thirty-yard punt. Ames caught it and was tackled by Stagg and Hartwell.

Cowan gained five yards through the left tackle. Yale is given five yards for off-side play of Princeton. McClung went at the end for ten yards with three Princeton men on his back.

McBride tried for a goal from the field. He missed, but Gill dropped on the ball.

Princeton got the ball and Ames punted forty yards. McClung made a free catch, despite the fact that three Princeton men were right on him.

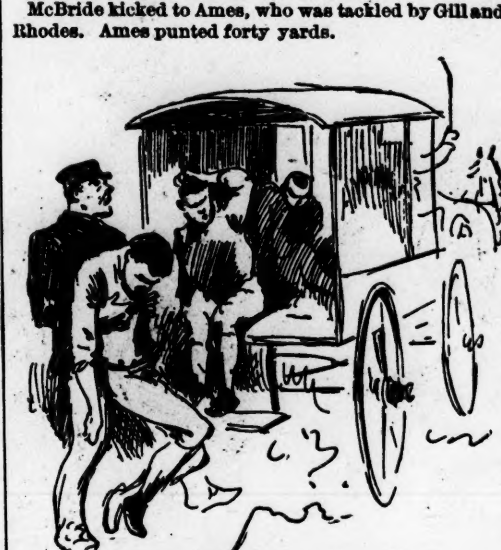
McBride kicked and Ames caught the ball, but it went to Yale, a Princeton man being off side. McBride punted out of bounds, gaining twenty yards.

Morrison tried to run, but was downed on his tracks. Princeton was given the ball, and Poe gained but three yards in a runaway across the field.

Ames tried left centre, gaining ten yards, but was tackled by Ferris.

Cowan gained three yards through the left tackle. Ames fumbled the ball, but Channing dropped on it. Ames kicked and McBride fumbled. Warren seized the ball and made a touch-down for Princeton, from which Ames kicked a goal.

Score—Six points to nothing, for Princeton. McBride kicked to Ames, who was tackled by Gill and Rhodes. Ames punted forty yards.



THE AMBULANCE ON TAP.

McBride dropped on the ball and punted, but Ames returned the ball forty yards.

Yale fumbled, and Cowan grabbed the ball and nearly succeeded in reaching Yale's twenty-five-yard line.

Stagg tackled him and forced him out of bounds.

Rhodes, of Yale, was disqualified for slugging, and Ferris took his place.

The ball was brought to the centre of the field.

Gill made a gain of eight yards by the left end.

McBride punted twenty yards out of bounds.

Princeton fumbled the ball and Hartwell dropped on it.

McBride tried for goal, but the ball struck the post.

Princeton got the ball and a thirty-yard punt by Ames.

Cowan was sent five yards at the centre and Black gained ten yards around Yale's left.

Ames punted fifty yards. McBride caught it. Yale got the ball, but soon lost it, and Ames punted fifty yards into Yale's territory.

Cowan ran through and made a touch-down.

Ames missed the goal by six inches. Four more for Princeton. Score—10 to 0.

On the same day the Wesleyans dumped Pennsylvania to the tune of 10 to 2, and the Manhattan downed the New York Athletics by a score of 10 to 4, and while all this was going on Dartmouth was scooping in Stevens Institute.

WON \$30,000.

Mr. Max Levin Struck the Capital Prize in The Louisiana State Lottery and Got \$30,000 for Two.

Thirty thousand dollars is a big sum to realize upon an investment of two dollars, yet this is just the sum that Max Levin, of 233 East Third street, won in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery of the 12th inst.

Mr. Levin for years past has bought a ticket or two occasionally in The Louisiana State Lottery, but never dreamt of capturing one-tenth of the capital prize of \$300,000. He was so indifferent to the result of the drawing on the 12th inst. that when he found that ticket No. 83, of which he had one-tenth, won the capital prize, he could not remember what he had done with the ticket, but after a long search found it lying upon his desk in his parlor.

Mr. Levin collected his \$30,000 through Adams' Express Company with the assistance of S. Jarmulowsky, banker, 51 Canal street. The first thing that the lucky winner did after getting his check for \$30,000, minus \$135 express charges, was to give \$500 as a present to the man who sold him the ticket, as well as \$100 to the man who first told him that he won \$30,000.

Mr. Levin carried on a manufacturing tailoring business at 438 East Houston street, employing, altogether, about 15 hands. He made a joint present of his business to his nephew and his foreman, besides making them presents in money. To each of his employees he gave a two weeks' vacation, paying them in advance for their time and giving them \$25 apiece additional. Mr. Levin hereafter will confine himself to real estate speculation, in which he has engaged to some extent for the past ten years in connection with his tailoring business. He will, however, not forget the Louisiana State Lottery.

Levin is a native of Poland, and has lived since he came to this country, nearly twenty years ago, almost all the time in the Eleventh Ward.

When the two one-twentieths of ticket No. 83, which won the capital prize of \$300,000, were presented to him to purchase, the seller said: "I've got a few tickets for the Louisiana State Lottery, which nobody will buy from me because the numbers are low. People want high numbers."

Levin replied: "Well, I have always had high numbers. I'll take low numbers for a change." Mr. Levin thereupon took the parts of the tickets that the agent had, paying \$2 for the two one-twentieths of ticket 83. The other parts of ticket 83 were sold in Washington, Boston, San Francisco, Toledo and St. Louis. Mr. Levin is satisfied that the Louisiana State Lottery is honestly conducted.—New York Daily News, Nov. 30.

TWO DEPLORABLE FIRES.

The Minneapolis "Tribune" Holocaust and the Big Boston Blaze.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

There has been no more deplorable fire than that which occurred in Minneapolis, Minn., late on the night of Nov. 30. It is deplorable, not because of the amount of property destroyed, but because valuable lives were lost. It was deplorable because a newspaper institution was crowded out of existence. All the more deplorable because a hero, while in the discharge of his duty, and while endeavoring to inform the world of the news he had in hand, was taken from his special line of duty and summoned to another world.

On that Saturday night the Minneapolis Tribune office was discovered to be on fire. It was just at the busy time when the "boys" were "on the jump" to "get out" their Sunday morning paper. Suddenly the cry of "fire!" was heard, and in almost as little time as it takes to tell it the vast, eight-story structure on the corner of First avenue and Fourth street was in ruins. As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press it is thought that at least ten people lost their lives. All valuable lives. Some were smothered, some were crushed into the mere semblance of manhood by jumping from the imperilled building, while others were suffocated by the cruel, death-dealing smoke. While to the families of the victims of the holocaust the heart-felt condolences of an all-sympathizing public go out, the sympathies and condolences of every man, woman and child are most directed toward those who were near and dear to James F. Igoe, the Associated Press night operator.

Igoe was at his instrument, on the seventh story of the building. He was flashing the news of the day and evening over the wires when he heard the cry of "Fire!" He remained at his post, notified the world at large that the building was burning and then—died a horrible death. He had plenty of opportunity to escape, but he asked over the wires for orders to leave. His last words to the world were: "Good-bye!" It was his last "good-bye" on earth.

Telegraphers throughout the world will applaud the hero's act and weep with those who are near and dear to James F. Igoe. Even now, action is being taken to commemorate Igoe's memory in something more lasting than tears.

While philanthropic and charitable Boston was putting her hand in her pocket to aid the sufferers by the recent Lynn conflagration, the fire fiend swooped down upon her and might have crowded her out of existence had it not been for the heroic efforts of her firemen and of those from the suburbs. As a result of the actions of the ladders the flames were confined to a small area, and it is estimated that the loss will be less than \$5,000,000.

Luckily the fire occurred early on the morning of Thanksgiving Day, when few of the buildings were occupied. Otherwise there must have been great loss of life. As it was, four firemen are reported missing, and it is believed that their bodies will be found among the ruins. As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press a search is being made for the men whose remains are supposed to be in the cellar of Brown, Durrell & Co.'s building on Bedford street. The missing men are Ladderman Frank P. Loker and David J. Buckley, of Ladder No. 3, and Driver Michael Numan and Pipeman John Brooks, of Hose No. 3.

The cause of the fire is unknown, but there appears to be no doubt that investigation will prove that it was caused by the crossing of an improperly-insulated wire and a wire of the Boston Electric Time Company. This belief is partially confirmed by the fact that nearly every electric clock, annunciator, burglar alarm and telephone in the burned district, and even where the flames had not touched, was found to be out of order after the fire had been extinguished.

The flames were first discovered issuing from the roof of the New England Shoe and Leather Exchange, on Bedford street, between Columbia and Kingston streets. The upper floors of the building were occupied by Brown, Durrell & Co., wholesale dealers in dry and fancy goods, and soon the fire was raging for nearly two blocks along Bedford street on the south side, and across Chauncey street. At this point it was gotten under control.

The area of the whole fire was confined to less than three blocks on the southerly side of Bedford street, and only crossed that thoroughfare at Kingston street, opposite where it broke out. Had it been at any other point except in the business portion of the city the damage would have been comparatively insignificant. As it was, about fifty firms, large and small, occupying more or less room in the buildings, were burned out.

HE FELL FROM GRACE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Harry S. Schall, of Chicago, the absconding cashier of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, was recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Schall skipped out with \$10,000 of the company's money last July. After doing Europe and several other countries, he returned to Chicago and gave himself up. Before his fall from grace Schall was one of the most popular men in Chicago society. High living led to his downfall. His portrait appears elsewhere.

A WELL-KNOWN LIGHT-WEIGHT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of George Mulvey, the well-known light-weight pugilist, will be found elsewhere. Mulvey is about thirty years of age, born on Scottish soil of Irish parents. He came to this country in 1870 and went to work in Pennsylvania as a coal miner. Mulvey has engaged in numerous battles, one being with Billy Myer, now champion light-weight of Illinois, beating him in four hard-fought rounds.

A CLEVER YOUNG PUGILIST.

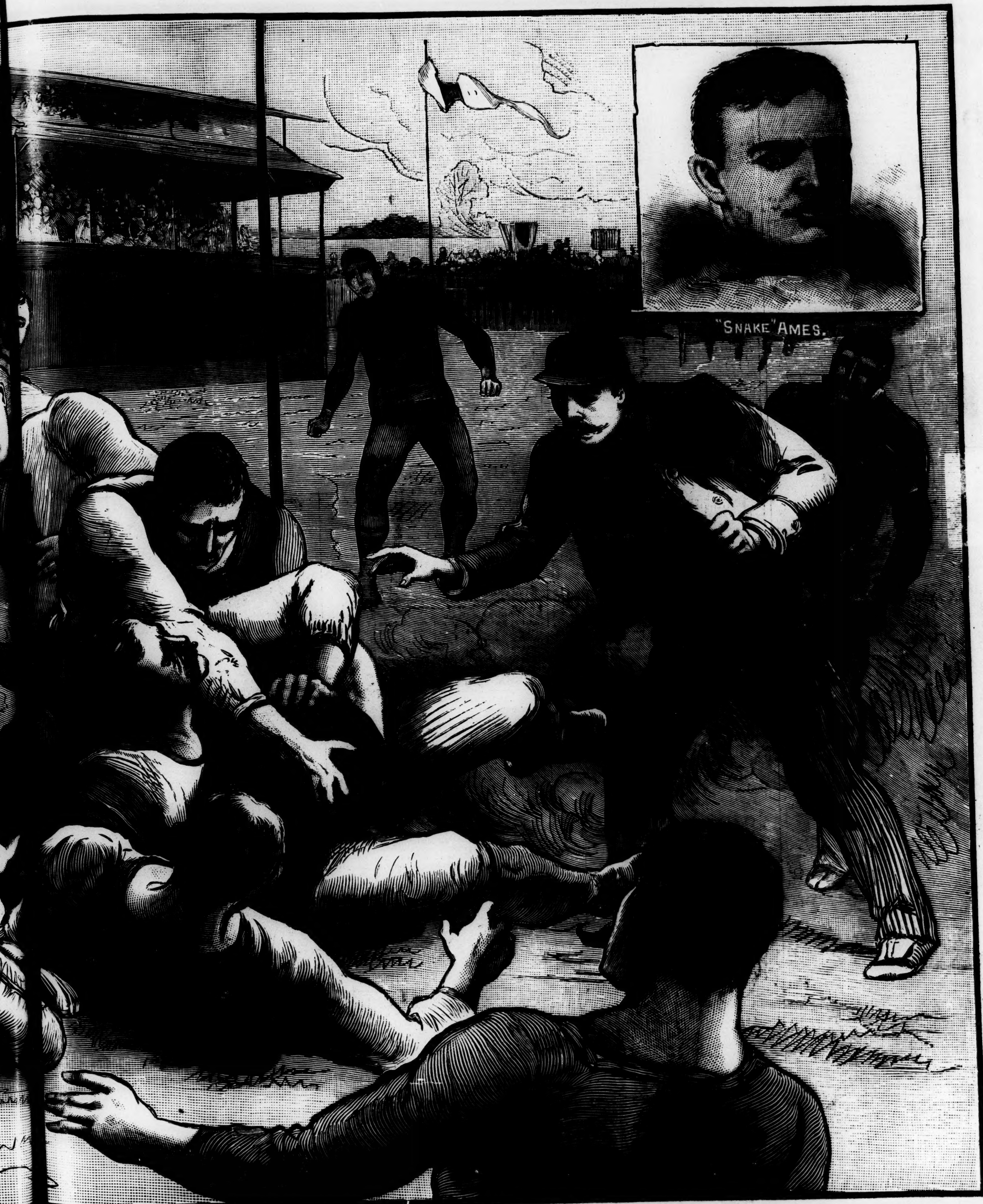
[WITH PORTRAIT.]

H. S. Frazer, champion welter-weight of Colorado, is one of the rising young pugilists of this day. He has, in the few years he has been in the prize ring, won many notable battles, having at times met such men as Jim Felt, the famous heavy-weight. Frazer in fighting trim weighs 140 pounds. His portrait appears in this issue.

We would call the attention of our readers to the New French Race Game in our advertising columns. No Saloon, Club Room or Fair should be without this game. Will coin money. Sent by express to any address on receipt of \$15.00. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York City.



THE THANKSGIVING DAY S
THE LIVELY AND INTERESTING BATTLE THAT PRINCETON AND YALE HAD 1



SAMMAGE ON BERKELEY OVAL.
D 1 HE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP WHEN THE FORMER JUMPED ON THE LATTER.

FOOTBALL CHIT-CHAT.

A Few Remarks Concerning Our Kicking Collegians.

SOMETHING ABOUT BASEBALLISTS.

Old Princeton has a bully team this year, as is the general impression throughout the country. These young men are all high-toned young gentlemen when not in the heat of a football match. The same thing may be said of Harvard.

Now there is Hector C. Cowan. One could not possibly meet a more promising young man. He is studying for the Presbyterian ministry and expects to become a missionary. Cowan is unquestionably one of the best rushers in the country. He has played five years with the Princeton boys, is an ex captain and left-tackler, and the man that gets out of his clutches is a good 'un.

Ben S. Donnelly, of Chicago, is the left end rusher for Princeton. This is the young man that was disqualified at Cambridge for slugging one of the Harvard boys, and he can always be found on deck.

William J. George, who plays centre rush for Princeton is a valuable man in his position, and the Princetonians have kept him



COLLEGE BUSTED.

for four years. When the opposing teams make a break in this direction he simply sticks out his head and they run up against it and stop. George is an orator, and he looks it from head to foot. He is the youth chosen by the Cynoscopie Literary Society to represent it in the Junior orators contest. In the Harvard Princeton game he opened his mouth and gave one yell, and a foul was immediately claimed by the Harvardians on the ground that the Princetonians were using a cannon to intimidate their men with.

The Princeton students boast of the great strength and muscle of their team and pride themselves on the ability of their boys to give and take with the nimblest of the nimble when it comes right down to football playing and let the brawniest fellows win. There is little Edgar Allen Poe, who is the captain of the team and playing quarter back because he is an athlete and one of the toughest men in the college. One of the opposing team could kick a lung out of him and he would never utter a murmur, but only lay for a good chance to get hunk with his man, and it is nine times out of ten that he will get square.

The right guard for Princeton, Jesse B. Riggs, is far from being a slouch. Three of his elder brothers made their mark in years gone by on the football field, and he has got another younger brother, who will start in at Princeton next season, who is said to be a honey-cooler on the football field. From all accounts of the family the old gentleman must have been a royal kicker.

Knowlton L. Ames, Princeton's full back, is not so vicious as he is slippery. He is the fastest runner on the football team, and is called the "snake" on account of his great ability to dodge and slip away from opposing players.

Walter S. Cash, the right tackle for Princeton, has been a football expert ever since he was knee-high to a grasshopper. He is famous for blocking his man and in tackling.

Princeton's right half back, Jeremiah S. Black, is as strong as a bull and an all-round athlete. He is the son of ex-Lieutenant-Governor Black of Pennsylvania, but that did not prevent the opposing players from giving him his end of the medicine.

Hugh H. Janeway, Princeton's left guard, is not a slouch and is the heaviest man on the team, and when he braces himself in the rush line a man might just as well try to jump through the gable end of a house as to try to push past him.

Nearly fifteen thousand people witnessed the contest between Yale and Harvard, which was chock full of excitement from start to finish, and was only won through the superior work of the Yale.

The Columbia College boys are getting educated very rapidly into football etiquette, and they will soon be an honor to New York City if they continue in their present insignificant athletic form. They invited the Cornell boys down to Berkeley Oval to play a friendly game, and it was a lively game. Hazen had to be sent from the field for smashing Conlan.

Amos A. Stagg, Yale's left end on the football team, is certainly a Stagg by nature as well as by name. He can hold his end up in great shape among the rough-and-tumble men on the football team, and, besides being an all round athlete, he is a crack baseball pitcher. He is studying for the ministry, and in after years will instruct his flock in the art of outdoor exercise.

Charles O. Gill, who plays left tackle and captain Yale's football team, is an exceptional rusher, and one of the cleverest runners and dodgers in the business. When he lights on a man it is like a hawk on its prey and it is seldom that any man frees himself from his clutches after he once fastens on, unless the ball is passed to another person.

Yale's right guard, A. B. Newell, is as strong as an ox and a hard man for any man to tackle. He weighs 176 pounds and stands 6 feet 2 inches in height. It is amusing sometimes to see

him plodding along with four or five of the opposing players hanging to his neck and trying to force him down to the ground. Thomas L. McClung, one of Yale's half backs, is considered one of the hardest men to stop that is in the football arena. He uses his head as a battering ram, and he gives many a poor fellow gripes in his stomach.

Now about baseball! Manager Powell, of the Hamilton baseball club, who is located at present at Shenandoah, Pa., advertised about a week since asking all first-class ball players that have made no arrangements for next season to communicate with him, stating that sober and steady men will get the preference. Much to his surprise among the answers came applications from the entire Brotherhood and about two thirds of the American Association players. Powell was annoyed, but he is too polite to be rude, so he simply returned their applications, saying: "Gentlemen, you could not have read my advertisement. I said first-class ball players, not back numbers." Mr. Powell, however, got so many answers from others that he has found it necessary to defer the approach of the winter for several months yet in order to give his phenomena a trial before he lets them have any advance money.

Since our attention has been called to the fact that William Holland, late Baltimore's short stop, is a man who should not be overlooked in the quest for talent, we will bear him in mind, and if we should ever start a "Police Gazette" baseball league William shall certainly hear from us, providing that the other clubs in the meantime keep their hands off.

There is no danger of Greenwood's going dry this winter, as he has guarded against such a calamity by accepting a position in Baltimore as bartender.

If ever a man felt sorry for using bad judgment that man is Adrian Constittina Anson, who let Mark Baldwin drop because he thought he was no good, but he should not cry over spilled milk, as there is scarcely a club in the country that have not made bad breaks at some period or another.

There is an improvement every year in the St. Louis team, not in the shape of the boys playing better ball, but in point of their getting an increase of salary. Von der Ahe has been compelled to go deeper and deeper into his pockets each year, so that he is now down to his shoestrings, and dear knows what he will do another year if he is again hit for a raise.

It will cost something for the Boston triumvirate to replace their old bean eaters. If the Nichols deal is a sample. They gave Omaha \$3,000 for his release, and will no doubt have to give him as much more to get him to consent to play in Boston.

This thing of buying players to have them desert in a body must be great sport. The Bostonians have had more fun in this line than any other club in the League. Is it any wonder the triumvirate are so jolly?

If Larry Twitchell really is the man who first gave the Brotherhood plans away, he must be a lulu to trust a secret with. Some men are worse than women for opening their traps when they should be kept closed.

Welch, of the Buffalo, felt that he would explode if he was compelled to keep his jaws from working this winter, so, rather than to see a good man go wrong, the club management consented to his going on the road this winter for a chewing gum company.

Kansas City is serenely happy and is perfectly willing to take her chances on Elmer Smith and John Healy next season.

Doyle, the young catcher of the Columbus club, is a man of great genius, and he is liable to startle the whole world next season. He is now working in a foundry at Holyoke, where he expects to make a pitcher this winter after his own heart.

It is a pleasure to see the bright, quick manner in which Hoover, the broad-shouldered, magnificently formed, catcher of the Kansas City club, moves around since he has been relieved of that terrible burden which was dragging him down to the ground and was killing him by inches. It was not a tumor in his stomach, as many had supposed, which made him so round-shouldered that he looked as though he was in the last stages of consumption, but it was under the weight of a large solitaire



HOOVER'S ALL RIGHT!

diamond pin he staggered. A thoughtful gentleman saw the difficulty, took in the situation at a glance, and rather than to see a baseball player suffer, as he knew Hoover must have been doing, he kindly relieved him of his burden, and thus saved the life and preserved the health of a good ball player.

It is very evident that Mr. Bradin, secretary of the Atlantic Association, did not own any stock in the Jersey City Club during the past season, or he would hardly be so enthusiastic about the club that is to represent that city next year. This thing of talking baseball and putting up the good, hard stuff to make good the deficiency at the gate are two entirely different things.

Boston will have a league team in the field next season if it takes a leg, so now players with fine reputations are being signed right along.

Manager Powell is always hustling, and while he has a dozen or more irons in the fire he is not losing sight of the fact that he is losing the New Orleans club for \$450 salary, and the suit comes up this month.

William D. Day, the amateur runner, accomplished a wonderful performance running at the New Jersey Athletic Club grounds, Bergen Point, N. J., on November 16. Day was on the scratch in a four-mile race. He had no fast runners to set the pace, the other contestants being: A. B. Hargan, Newark (two minutes); W. S. French, New Jersey Athletic Club, and Frank Clark, Bayonne (each with one minute and fifty seconds). Day made his first mile in 4 minutes 45.5 seconds and the second mile was finished in 10 minutes 5.5 seconds. Day covered three miles in 15 minutes 8 seconds, which knocked out A. B. George's championship record of 15 minutes 11.5 seconds. No one present expected to see the youthful long distance champion finish his fourth mile in 5 minutes 4.5 seconds, and the four miles in 20 minutes 15.5 seconds.

Elegant Cabinet Photographs of all the leading Pugilists, Athletes, Actors and Sporting men, only 10 cents each. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

SPORT IN GENERAL.

Louis Cyr Challenges the World...Fierce Dog Fighting.

THE FALLON-WANNOP FIGHT OFF.

The following special was received at the "Police Gazette" office from Mr. George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life:

LONDON, November 29, 1889.

The police authorities of this city have put a stop to all boxing competitions and glove fights. The action of the authorities stopped Fallon and Jack Wannop fight for £400, also the Ball and Mitchell fight. Chas. E. Davies, Peter Jackson's manager, states that the Australian colored champion cannot meet John L. Sullivan for six months, owing to engagements he has contracted.

ATKINSON.

The Futurity Stakes next year, it is expected, will be worth \$75,000. Whew!

At the recent sale of Pierre Lorillard's yearlings many of the colts were actually given away.

At Philadelphia, on Nov. 28, the hurling match at Pastime Park, between the Yonkers and Philadelphia teams, was won by the home team by a score of three points to nothing.

Bergen, the jockey, is fast approaching the jockey championship goal. On November 26 he piloted four winners past the post. It is expected the Dwyer Brothers will engage him to ride for their stable in 1890.

At Coney Island, on Nov. 28, Billy Johnson, of New York, and Fred Stone, of Coney Island, two 125-pound men, fought to a finish with 2-ounce gloves in a barn near Sheepshead Bay for a purse of \$50, the former winning in the third round by knocking his man out.

At Long Branch, on November 26, Charles Hoffer, a barkeeper, after eating half a rabbit at Deming's eating house on a wager, eat 400 raw soft clams, a dozen fried oysters and a pumpkin pie within an hour. He has been styled the champion eater of Monmouth county, N. J.

Ed Dillon's athletic grounds at Fishkill-on-the-Hudson have been endorsed as the best training grounds near New York city. Dillon has spent a large amount of money in fitting them up, and pugilists and athletes are now making Dillon's their training headquarters.

At Philadelphia, on Nov. 26, Paddy McBride and Jim Dolan, light-weights, fought with skin-tight gloves for a purse of \$250. The fight lasted just 2 minutes 15 seconds, Dolan getting knocked out. Billy Teese and John Gallagher handled McBride and John and Dick McHale looked after Dolan.

Dennis F. Butler is quite popular at New Orleans, and he is making great headway with the Southern Athletic Club. Butler is eager to bring Pat Kerrigan, the Boston light-weight, to the Crescent City. He says 2,000 would pay to witness Kerrigan and Jack McAniff box at the Southern Athletic Club.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from San Francisco, Nov. 29, says: "Billy McCarthy, the middle-weight champion of Australia, and Jack Dempsey have been matched by the California Athletic Club directors for a finish fight in January for a purse of \$1,500, \$1,000 for the winner and \$500 for the loser."

A terrific dog fight took place in a Long Island pit between Rose, a white bull terrier bitch, owned in New York city, and Rush, a brindle and white dog from Long Island. They weighed about 25 pounds each, and fought for stakes of \$50 a side. The first turn-up lasted a little over half an hour and Rose won.

The Rockaway Hunt had a fox hunt on Nov. 28 from the kennels at Cedarhurst to East Rockaway, where a live fox was let loose. The fox was killed near Garden City. Among those who took part in the chase were Rene La Montague, J. D. Cheever, Murray Watson, J. H. Cornwell, W. Rutherford, E. La Montague, W. L. Burrill and L. Turdin.

By far the most entertaining event on the cards is the great annual boxing and wrestling tournament of the Amateur Athletic Union, which occurs Dec. 19 at the Metropolitan Opera House. The contests promise to be interesting. The leading stars of the country will take part. Entries close Dec. 7, with Secretary James E. Sullivan, P. O. box 611, this city.

Austin Gibbons, the clever Paterson light-weight, and Mike Cushing, the champion 125 pound fighter, who are to battle for the 125-pound championship of America within six weeks, are training for the event as neither has ever trained before. The remarkable feature of the match is that, although it is a purse fight, each party has put up \$200 forfeit to guarantee good faith.

At Oakville, Conn., on Nov. 28, Pat Lunney, a Waterbury expressman, and Dennis Whalen, a Waterbury saloon keeper, fought 40 pound bulldogs for a purse of \$200. Lunney had Jack, a brindle and white brute from Albany, and Whalen had Joker, a white and tan from New Calvary, L. I. Joker was no match for Jack, and in 21 minutes his owner, Whalen, gave up the fight and purse to save the dog.

The Amateur Athletic Union boxing, wrestling and fencing championships will be held at New York on December 19. The events are as follows: Boxing—Bantam-weight, 105 pounds; feather weight, 115; special weight, 135; light-weight, 135; middle-weight, 155. Wrestling—Bantam-weight, 105 pounds; feather-weight, 115; light-weight, 135; middle-weight, 155. Entries will close on Dec. 7.

J. A. St. John of St. Louis has had enough of backing oarsmen. In a letter to the POLICE GAZETTE he says: "I have tried every way in my power to foster and encourage professional sculling, but the late trouble over the Gaudaur-Teemer race has settled my determination to draw out permanently. I regret to do so just at this time, particularly as the professional rowing association is now in process of formation. The inaugural meeting will be held at Boston on Dec. 5, and I will not be present to help the movement. It will be a go, though, I think, for there are a number of excellent men in Boston to push the scheme to a successful termination."

Anent the value of the turf of the United States a well-known turf writer has calculated that the pursuit gives employment to 50,000 people and indirectly assists 50,000 more to a livelihood. The thoroughbred stallions and brood mares on the great stock farms are valued at \$6,000,000, and the sons and daughters of these stallions and broodmares earned above \$2,000,000 more during the past season; the value of the stock now employed for racing being valued at \$1,000,000, whilst the capital invested in race tracks and stables is \$6,000,000. The stock farms embrace 140,000 acres of the finest land in the country, and last year the yearling foals footed up to \$1,000,000, while the attendance at race courses numbered over 3,500,000.

The unprecedented feats of Samson, Cyclops and Eugene Sandow, the now renowned champions at dumbbell and weight lifting, who have been creating such a sensation in England, has brought out the following challenge from Louis Cyr, the Canadian Samson, which may result in an important match. The following is the Canadian Giant's challenge:

MONTREAL, Nov. 27, 1889.

Having heard of the alleged great feats of Samson, Cyclops and Sandow at the Aquarium, London, England, I hereby challenge either of them to compete with me at lifting dumbbells, heavy weights and feats of strength for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, and the championship of the world, the contest to take place in Canada or the United States, and the POLICE GAZETTE to be final stakeholder and appoint judges and referee. I will allow either of the gentlemen named \$350 for expenses if a match is arranged for \$1,000 a side.

LOUIS CYR.

The great dog fight between Ann Arbor and Grand Rapids, for the championship of Michigan and \$100 a side, took place recently at Ann Arbor, Mich., Sullivan for Ann Arbor and Bob for Grand Rapids. The dogs were very evenly matched for size, Bob tipping the scales at 50 and Sullivan at 52 pounds. Bob is said to be the winner of seven battles and this was Sullivan's first fight. When the dogs were brought into the pit Sullivan got almost unmanageable, as his handler was not able to hold him without assistance. When the dogs were let go Bob dashed across the pit but was instantly dashed to the floor by Sullivan. Bob, however, seized Sullivan by the hind leg, but Sullivan, taking the nose hold, soon made him let go that hold. Then the fight commenced in earnest, Sullivan throwing Bob all over the pit, and cutting him bad at every touch. It is said that Sullivan threw Bob thirty falls; Bob threw Sullivan once. At one time Sullivan lifted Bob high in the air and brought him down with a heavy thug on the floor, which nearly knocked the wind out of Bob. Sullivan was the most scientific fighter we ever saw, guarding his legs to perfection, and he is the fastest fighter and hardest cutter we ever saw. Several dog fighters from Detroit and Grand Rapids witnessed the fight, which ended in one round, as Bob was not able to stand on his feet at the call of time.

PERTURBED PUGILISTS.

McCarthy-Nolan Mill-Doran-Frazier Fight-Jake Kilrain's Return.

The long-pending glove contest between Mike Nolan, the English feather-weight, and Cal McCarthy was decided near this city on Nov. 27. The men fought according to "Police Gazette" rules, for a purse of \$300 and \$250 a side. The battle was a desperate one, hard blows being exchanged in every round.

McCarthy drew first blood in the first round, his skillful dodging saving him from great punishment.

In the second round Nolan was up to McCarthy's tactics, and succeeded in getting in two good blows on Cal's head, receiving a stinging blow in return.

Clever work was done by Nolan in the third round, which influenced betting at odds of \$40 to \$100 in his favor.

The fourth round was particularly lively, both fighters giving and receiving some nasty blows, Nolan's cheek being badly cut.

In the fifth round Cal did some more dodging, landing heavily on Nolan's bruised cheek, and by a savage blow on Nolan's ear

caused that worthy to slip and fall. The round ended by McCarthy closing Nolan's left eye.

In the sixth round the boys clinched, and when they broke away at the call of time McCarthy struck Nolan in the ear. Foul was claimed, but not allowed.

They had hardly toed the scratch for the seventh round when McCarthy landed heavily on Nolan's jaw, which broke the bone, and Nolan staggered and fell like a log to the floor. This ended the battle, and McCarthy was declared the winner. Nolan made a game fight, but he was overmatched. The battle lasted 25 minutes, and proved that McCarthy is well worthy of the title of feather-weight champion.

At Memphis, Tenn., on Nov. 22, Bart J. Doran, an exponent of the many art, who has been teaching a syndicate of Memphis society men how to use their fists, and a fighter from Colorado named Frazier, who claims to be the welter-weight champion of that State, fought according to London prize ring rules for a purse of \$600. The battle was well contested for seven rounds, and in the eighth Doran won.

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THE PUGILISTIC LADDER

The Men Who Are on the Top and Bottom Rounds.

"REFEREE'S" LARGE THOUGHTS.

Since December, 1887, there have been many changes among the leading stars of the prize ring on the pugilistic ladder. In 1887 Jake Kilrain posed as the champion of America, and proved his claim to the title of champion of the world by defeating the "Police Gazette" champion belt in a now historic battle with Jem Smith, champion of England, for \$10,000 and the championship of the world.

Jem Smith also retained his title to the championship, owing to Kilrain's failure to defeat Smith when they fought in France. John L. Sullivan, who has posed as the "champion of champions," had also lost considerable prestige, owing to the fact that he failed to defeat Charley Mitchell in a match for \$5,000 in France. In 1888 Kilrain continued to be champion of the world, and Charley Mitchell, by his dead heat with Sullivan, was looked upon in England just as much a champion as Smith.

In 1889 came Jake Kilrain's defeat by John L. Sullivan, and the latter's re-ascension to "the pride of place." Following Kilrain's downfall came Jack Dempsey's Waterloo and then came Peter Jackson's victory over Jem Smith. These upsets made great changes on the pugilistic checker board.

And all this goes to show that during the past twelve months four of the prize ring champions have met their overthrow, viz.: Joe McAuliffe, champion of the Pacific Coast; Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore; Jack Dempsey, of New York, and Jem Smith, of England.

And that reminds me that a little talk about the big fellows will be interesting at this point. The following is the standing of the twenty prominent heavy-weight pugilists now in the swim for the title of champion, which John L. Sullivan holds: No. 1—John L. Sullivan, champion of the world and holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt. No. 2—Jake Kilrain, of Baltimore, ex-champion of the world. No. 3—Peter Jackson, the colored heavy-weight champion of Australia. No. 4—Frank P. Slavin, of Melbourne, champion of New South Wales. No. 5—Jem Smith, champion of England. No. 6—Charley Mitchell, boxing champion of England. No. 7—Joe McAuliffe of San Francisco, Cal., champion of the Pacific Coast. No. 8—Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of Ashland, Wis. No. 9—George Godfrey of Boston, Mass., the colored champion of America. No. 10—Joe Landon of Boston, Mass. No. 11—Jack Ashton of Providence, R. I. No. 12—Patsy Cardiff of Minneapolis, Minn. No. 13—Domestic McCaffrey of New York. No. 14—Jack Fallon of Brooklyn, N. Y. No. 15—Pat Killen of St. Paul, the Duluth Slasher. No. 16—Jack Wannop of London, England. No. 17—Woolf Bendoff of London, England. No. 18—Frank Glover of Chicago. No. 19—Paddy Ryan of San Francisco. No. 20—Tom Lees of Australia.

The coming battle between Frank P. Slavin and Jem Smith for \$5,000 may change Smith's and Slavin's position, and future matches between Kilrain, Jackson, Slavin and Sullivan may make a change on the pugilistic ladder.

The defeat of Jem Smith by Peter Jackson, judging from the information transmitted in the POLICE GAZETTE special cable dispatches, has not made his backers lose faith in his pugilistic ability. Arthur Cooper, Johnny O'Neill, Will Belly, Charley White (the "Duke's" Motto), and Charley Bates, a galaxy of well-known turfmen and bookmakers, are finding the stakes for him to fight Frank P. Slavin for £400 and the championship, at every opportunity bet from £25 to £100 on his chances of whipping Slavin.

Adversity is said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, as no doubt many ill-starred individuals—who, commencing life sunned by the smiles of fortune, have gone under in the struggle for existence—have found to their cost, when, compelled by circumstances over which they have no control, they have found themselves sojourning in the casual ward of a workhouse or a cheap lodging house. In the same way adversity seems to have caused J. L. Sullivan, champion pugilist of the world, to alter his sentiments with regard to the colored gladiator, Jackson, who made such a sorry show of Jem Smith. Prior to his fight with Kilrain, Sullivan, who may have been inspired with the truth of the old proverb which tells us that discretion is the better part of valor, declared that he would not fight a nigger. But needs must when he is reduced to almost the same position as Jeremy Diddler, and anxious to raise the wind, for that is his only prospect of replenishing his bank account, which has been overdrawn.

The position of England, the hotbed of pugilism, now appears very ridiculous by the wretched display made by Smith against the colored champion, and it would seem that the athletic prestige of the old country is on the wane. Smith, it must be allowed, as a boxer, is not to be considered in the first rank, and that he woefully lacks science and generalship, the qualities in which Cribb, Gully, Spring, Nat Langham, Ward, Sayers, and other past heroes of the pugilistic arena excelled, goes without saying. Smith may do something better when he meets Slavin, as by this time he should have learned a lesson that should teach him it is never wise to be over confident. With the knuckles, I think Smith may do better than with the gloves, but he must fight his level bet when he meets Slavin, who is a terrible hitter.

The following are the opinions of the press on the recent pugilistic sensation in England in which Jackson squeaked the English champion:

The London "Star" says: "Whatever Smith may be in the prize ring, his aspirations to championship boxing form have been exploded by this morning's display. Jackson, on the other hand, proved himself a fighter and boxer of the first water. His agility was remarkable in a man of his calibre, and his straight drives were of enormous power. The two hits which settled Smith, the blow over the heart and the upper cut, would have killed any ordinary man."

The Sussex "Daily News" says: "There can be no doubt but that the better man won. Smith was beaten at all points. Evidently he cannot deliver such terrific blows as Jackson, and he is nothing to be compared to him on the point of science."

The Yorkshire "Post" says: "Smith was beaten at all points, and made a very poor show against his opponent."

The New York "Herald" (London edition) says: "Among the patrons of prize fighting in England, it is probable that Jackson has far more friends than Smith. None of the hundreds who witnessed Monday morning's affair will deny that he deserves to have more. England has had few champions who were so quickly and thoroughly vanquished as Smith was, and she has never had a champion who made such a poor appearance either before the battle was decided or in the hour of defeat."

"Merlin" in the "Evening News" says: "Against Smith personally I have no prejudice whatever, and had he proved himself as good as he was made out to be I would have been the first to acknowledge my mistake and admit that I had underrated his ability. What seemed to me so ridiculous and objectionable was the fact of his being put on a pedestal and worshipped before he had given any evidence of championship form—championship form, that is, as we understood it between five-and-twenty and thirty years ago. How good Jackson is cannot yet be determined, but he is, for a big man, so quick on his legs, and he has such advantages of height and reach, that I think he will be a tough opponent for anyone who ventures to oppose him."

The following is from the "Star": "Jem Smith seemed on pretty good terms with himself previous to commencing hostilities. I was pleased with the capital stand he made in the first round, but the back-heel was nothing more or less than an excuse for putting an end to the fight and prevent a knock-out. Jackson struck me as a very clever and punishing fighter; it will take a good man to take his number down."

The "London Star" says: "Pugilism is still a national institution, for over 1,000 attended the Smith and Jackson fight, and among those present were Colonel North, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Queensberry, Mr. Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, of New York, U. S.; the Earl of Lonsdale, Lord Dudley, Lord Churston, Lord de Clifford, the Marquis of Aylesbury, Sir John Astley, Captain A. S. Drummond (Scots Guards), Mr. John Corlett, Sir William Throgmorton, Arthur Roberts, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, Sir Maurice Duff Gordon, Captain A. B. Hayley, Mr. Robert Martin, V. C.; Mr. Wyner, Sir J. Wentworth and Mr. Benson."

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "It is curious to note how rapid and complete has been the revival of public interest in boxing. But at least one point may be deduced from the contest—namely, that the Police Club is fully worthy of being entrusted with the latest revival of the 'manly art'."

"By the way, Richard K. Fox received a special invitation to attend the Jackson and Smith battle, and his presence gave considerable importance to the affair, he being the greatest patron of sporting men that has flourished within the past three decades in the United States."

Another word or two about Jackson, which I clip from *Sporting Life*: "Notwithstanding the fact that Peter Jackson was born in the West Indies in 1861, he remembers but little of his birthplace. With his parents he went to Australia when quite a child and became the favorite of Mr. Waterhouse, of Sydney, a wealthy ship owner, who reared and educated the champion. As a boy he worked as a machinist on board one of the Australian coasting steamers, and it was while in this employment that he acquired a taste for athletics. He gained considerable notoriety both as a sprinter and oarsman, but finally discovered that his forte lay in a pugilistic direction, and accordingly placed himself under the mentorship of Larry Foley, the champion of Australia. Proving extremely clever, he was subjected to the necessary test, and showing beyond all doubt that he possessed ample courage as well as muscular development, matches were made and he was fairly and successfully launched upon a pugilistic career. His first engagement of note occurred some seven years ago in Sydney, when he defeated Jack Hayton twice in succession with the greatest ease. Then Sam Britton, Dubbo and Mike Dooley were served similarly by the lithe young West Indian."

"Jackson experienced his first reverse when he met Farnam, in Melbourne, although a second meeting in Sydney resulted in a win for Peter. He next defeated Mick O'Brien and four years ago fought Tom Lees for the championship of Australia, a title which he won, and has held ever since, having in his possession the massive belt as a proof of his superiority. Finding that matches were hard to obtain in Australia, Jackson in April, 1888, journeyed to San Francisco, where he was taken in hand by the California Athletic Club, and matched against George Godfrey, of Boston, the colored champion of the world. From him on Aug. 24 Jackson wrestled the title after 19 rounds of desperate fighting. After a brief rest he was matched against Joe McAuliffe, champion of the Pacific Coast, who was looked upon by all as the coming champion of the world."

"The Jackson-McAuliffe fight took place at the California Club on Dec. 28, 1888, the betting being 2 to 1 on McAuliffe. Jackson, to the surprise of all, knocked the 'Frisco Giant out in 24 rounds, and thus became entitled to rank among the foremost pugilists of the day. His next battle was with Patsy Cardiff, who had previously fought a draw with John L. Sullivan. Cardiff and Jackson met on the evening of April 25, 1889, and Cardiff was knocked out in the tenth round."

"Having an American record of three winning fights in nine months, Jackson resolved to take a holiday, and having secured leave of absence from the California Athletic Club, of which he is boxing instructor, he in June last started for a trip to England. He gave exhibitions and engaged in short contests while crossing the American continent, among his most notable achievements being the following: Knocked out Kincard in two rounds at Virginia City, Nevada; beat Jerry Flowers in four rounds, Spokane Falls, W. T.; bested George Peters, champion of Michigan, in four rounds at Detroit, Mich.; defeated Sailor Brown in three rounds at Chicago, Ill.; beat Billy Baker at Buffalo, N. Y., and knocked out Tom Lynch and Paddy Brennan in two rounds each, at the same place; knocked out Ginger McCormick in two rounds at Hoboken, N. J."

"Jackson arrived in Liverpool on August 29, and London on the 30th. The Aquarium engagement commenced October 2, and negotiations were opened for his match with Jem Smith, the incidents of which are too tedious to be dilated upon; in fact, at one period of the transaction matters looked like coming to a premature conclusion, for which the boxers were not to blame. At last, however, all was satisfactorily arranged, and the men went into training. Talking quietly to Jackson over the past and future, I found him intelligent, and by no means vain. I had been told he was a linguist, but on questioning him he smiled a good-humored smile, and replied that he knew a little of three or four languages, and could make himself understood. Like the actor of old, he has played many parts, is a good oarsman, and a splendid swimmer over 100 yards."

"Respecting their own merits, the proverb tells us, modest men are dumb, and all that I could extract from Peter as to his chance of success was: 'Well, I am big enough. I never underestimate my opponent, and look upon him as my equal in the ring until I prove the contrary. I have always gone on the 'dead square,' and, if defeated, can be the best of friends with my conqueror. For my present position I have worked hard—no one harder—and I hold the belt emblematic of the championship of Australia. I noticed a little while ago in the *Sporting Life* a reference by Slavin to me. I wish I had been present when he made the remark. As to him I cannot dispute what he has not got. He knows I have tried to get a match, and followed him over the country for that purpose. He asks for a fast fight in a field, but I am against encounters of that description, and consider that, if a man means fighting, two-ounce gloves on the boards, and under Queensberry rules, will give him all he needs crave for. I consider fighting under those conditions more severe than with bare knuckles, and object to be hunted about the country by the police like a dog, and treated as a felon. In glove fighting there is no getting down and being carried to your corner when you please. If you are knocked down you must rise quickly and fight on. As to Smith, he is a big, strong young fellow, and liable to beat any man; but I don't talk fight. As regards the financial part of my trip, I do not believe, after all expenses are paid, there will be a cent in my favor."

Willie D. Day is surely developing into a great runner and when it is considered that the past season was the first time he had ever trained for any important contests his performances are remarkable. He recently established a new record for 10 miles, and defeated Sidney Thomas, the English champion at 4 and 10 miles, at the latter distance. Day's records made on Nov. 16 and those he surpassed were:

DISTANCE.	MILES.	DAY'S TIME.	PREVIOUS RECORD.
2 1/2	12:28	2-5	12:35 E. C. Carter
3	12:55	4-5	13:10 E. C. Carter
3 1/2	13:08	5-5	13:11 A. B. George
4	13:26	2-5	13:32 E. C. Carter
4 1/2	13:45	3-5	13:50 E. C. Carter
5	14:01	4-5	14:08 E. C. Carter
5 1/2	14:15	4-5	14:25 E. C. Carter

The English records at these distances surpass the American, and were made by the famous W. G. George, brother of A. B. George who is mentioned in the foregoing table.

REFEREE.

THE BIG FOUR—Lives of Tom Hyer, John C. Heenan, John Morrissey and Yankee Sullivan complete in one book; handsomely illustrated; price, 25 cents. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York City.

NOW YOU KNOW IT!

OUR PURCHASING DEPARTMENT.

Owing to the numerous orders that we are daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods, Portraits, Books, etc., of every description, we have, for the convenience of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE, opened a

SUPPLY AND PURCHASING AGENCY.

The department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Orders filled promptly and must be in every case accompanied by the cash. Address PURCHASING DEPARTMENT, POLICE GAZETTE, Franklin Square, New York.

N. S. Albany, N. Y.—No.
H. W. M., Linn Grove.—No.
C. T., Newcastle, Ore.—A wins.
T. J. and R. W., Bangor, Me.—No.
J. P., Philadelphia, Pa.—B is wrong.
N. F., Indianapolis.—W. H. Vanderbilt.
CONSTANT READERS.—Milwaukee.—B is correct.
H. F. M., Louisville, Ky.—The shield is the head.
H. W. D., Boston.—John L. Sullivan is 31 years of age.
C. F. B., Birmingham, Ind.—The side with the figure five.
R. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—The decision of the referee was final.
R. C., Philadelphia.—We cannot advise you on the subject.

G. O'R., Fisher, Minn.—John L. Sullivan was born on Oct. 15, 1858.
E. W. F., New York City.—It is claimed he accomplished the feat.

T. J., New York City.—Bob Traversa, the black, did fight Jem Mac.

W. C., Baltimore, Md.—Joe Coburn never fought John C. Heenan.

C. B. G., Paterson, N. J.—If you was throwing poker dice the four deuces won.

C. S. L., Prairie City.—Send 25 cents for "The American Athlete" to this office.

F. F., Provo City, Utah.—1. There is no official record. 2. One thousand times.

D. C., Alameda, Cal.—Make your query more explicit. Do not know what you mean.

B. E., Eagle River, Wis.—Jake Kilrain weighed 178 pounds, John L. Sullivan 217 1/2 pounds.

M. D. S., Portsmouth, N. H.—The "Police Gazette" champion standard boxing gloves are the best.

T. T., Paterson, N. J.—1. It rests with the judgment of the party throwing. 2. We should think the two sizes.

W. H. S., Memphis, Tenn.—1. Twice. 2. Send 25 cents to this office for "The Life and Battles of John L. Sullivan."

MANY READERS.—1. Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring." 2. It contains all the information.

S. J. B., Leadville, Col.—It would be a hard problem to decide. Palo Alto, Astell, Nelson and Sunol may in time turn a mile in 2:07, but it is doubtful.

T. J. D. & R. A., New York City.—Neither wins. Jem Mac never fought with either Tom Sayers or John C. Heenan. Jem Mac fought Tom King twice.

T. J., Philadelphia.—1. No. 2. The circulation of the POLICE GAZETTE is larger than all the weekly sporting papers combined. 3. No. Jem Mac was in this country in 1869, and B loses.

A. B., Hazardville, Conn.—1. Charley Mitchell is a heavy-weight. 2. 157 pounds. 3. If he contends for the championship. 4. Several middle-weights have fought for the heavy-weight championship.

P. C., Westernport, Md.—Send 25 cents for "The Champions of the American Prize Ring." John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan met three times in the ring. 2. In Mississippi City, New York and San Francisco.

T. J., Ypsilanti, Mich.—Peter Jackson's victory over Jem Smith had no bearing on the championship, simply because they did not contend for the championship title nor fight by the rules governing the prize ring premiership.

T. L. F., Stone Hill, Troy, N. Y.—Jack Dempsey and George Le Blanche fought twice. Neither fought according to London prize ring rules; both battles were decided according to Queensberry rules. La Blanche won the last battle; Dempsey was victorious in the first.

W. S., Bangor, Me.—1. No. 2. Every class of sporting goods, sporting portraits, in fact everything that is required in sporting goods line, is furnished by the POLICE GAZETTE. Catalogues are mailed free to any address and goods sent to all parts of the world on remittances being received. 3. Send for catalogue.

M. J. W., Toledo, Ohio.—Every athlete, no matter whether he is an oarsman, wrestler, pedestrian, walker or runner, or a pugilist, needs to train in order to stand the extra strain brought on by violent exercise. 2. Every man can be in a measure his own trainer, providing he knows what training routine to pursue, and a guide to go by. The best book to give full and general information how to train is "The American Athlete," which has been pronounced a standard authority. It can be procured at the POLICE GAZETTE office.

T. J. W., Paterson, N. J.—In England it is the custom in bookmaking for the bookmakers to lay against horses coming in "one, two, three," but as a rule bookmakers in this country only lay against horses running first and second. 2. It is a matter of opinion. Some prefer place betting; others only straight betting. Place betting is backing a horse to come in first or second. Straight betting is to only back horses to win. A horse must obtain a place before he can win, for he may run second. If you backed him to win and did not also back him for a place, why you lose; but if you backed him for a place, and he did not win the race, but came in second, you win. The proper system is to back a horse to win, and put just double the amount on him for a place. If he wins you win twice, and if he runs second you may also win and not lose.

W. J., Boston, Mass.—1. No one can compel John L. Sullivan to meet Peter Jackson, the colored pugilist, if he refuses to do so. Should Peter Jackson, however, put up a deposit of any sum from \$250 to \$500 and issue a challenge to meet Sullivan for any sum from \$1,000 a side and upwards and the "Police Gazette" champion belt, which Sullivan gained possession of by defeating Jake Kilrain, and which trophy represents the heavy weight pugilistic championship of the world, Sullivan would either have to accept or forfeit the title of champion. A champion must meet all comers according to the rules which govern the title, no matter where the challenger hails from, or whether he is black or white. Sullivan is foolish to draw the color line, especially when champions like Tom Cribb, Jem Mac have never done so. Cribb fought Molineux twice, and Jem Mac fought Bob Traversa; therefore there is no precedent for Sullivan's action in refusing to meet Jackson.

EVERYBODY WELCOME.

Sporting men from all parts of the world who visit New York will not miss the loss of time in a visit to the POLICE GAZETTE. There are many objects of interest to be seen, and every one is welcome. The following are a few of the objects that can be seen in the POLICE GAZETTE office:

The life-size portrait of John L. Sullivan, largest in the world, in full ring costume.

The life-size portrait of Jake Kilrain, the largest in the world, over eight feet high.

Framed colors or battle flags of Tom Sayers, John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson, Jake Kilrain, Jem Smith, Charley Mitchell, Wm. O'Connor, Henry Searle, etc.

Life-size portraits of Jack Dempsey and Jack McAuliffe, holders of the "Police Gazette" champion belts.

Also the "Police Gazette" champion club, which weighs 250 pounds and is the largest in the world.

The large portraits of Jem Mac's battle with Tom King and John C. Heenan's battle with Tom Sayers, and one hundred other portraits of famous pugilists, etc.

Also the feather-weight champion belt.

The "Police Gazette" champion rowing challenge cup, and other trophies of interest.

Every sporting man in the world has the privilege of looking at these interesting objects of art any time between 9 A. M. and 4 P. M.

GAY AND FESTIVE SPORTS.

How They Are Enjoying Themselves All Over the Country.

The San Jose Athletic Club has accepted John L. Sullivan's proposition, and will put up a \$15,000 purse for a battle between Sullivan and Jackson.

F. J. Fallon, the well-known sporting man of Omaha, writes that a first-class 138 or 140 pound pugilist can get a good purse to fight Lindsey in a club at Omaha.

A special cable to the "Police Gazette" from Sydney, N. S. W., November 23, says: Henry Ernest Searle, the champion oarsman of the world, arrived at Adelaide yesterday. He is suffering from typhoid fever and dangerously ill.

J. W. Kennedy of Quincy, Ill., the well-known oarsman, has been on a visit to this city. On Nov. 21 he visited the POLICE GAZETTE and appeared greatly interested in the belts and trophies and the great collection of sporting portraits.

On Nov. 23 Billy Edwards received the following dispatch from San Francisco:

"We will give \$50,000 for a fight to a finish between Sullivan and Jackson, to take place on the beach near this city. Have written. SANTA CRUZ ATHLETIC CLUB."

Grant Parish, the proprietor and publisher of the *Referee*, published in Chicago, has just returned from an extended tour. Grant Parish has become quite a turf authority, and won a small fortune during the past season on his tips, which he publishes daily in his journal.

Edward Hanlan, the ex-champion oarsman, appeared in the contest for the diamond sculls in the "Dark Secret" at the People's theatre, in this city, on Nov. 25. The famous oarsman received a grand reception equal to the ovation he received when he made his debut in the same cast at the Grand Opera House on Nov. 18.

John Reilly, of Jersey City, N. J., whipped Frank Siddons, of Rutherford, N. J., rather easily on November 23, in a fight with three-ounce gloves, Queensberry rules, for \$75 and gate money. The fight took place in a vacant house on the river road near Belleville, N. J. Thomas McIntyre backed Siddons, who fought at 160 pounds. Reilly, who stripped at 155 pounds, was backed by Charles Langdon, and Martin Gallagher was referee.

At the Golden Gate Athletic Club, San Francisco, on Nov. 23, Billy Dacey and Tommy Danforth, both of New York, fought according to "Police Gazette" rules for a purse of \$500. Ten rounds were fought in 35 minutes, when Dacey managed to land a right-hand upper-cut on the feather-weight's jaw and knocked him out. Danforth was overmatched in height and weight, Dacey's fighting weight being at 133 pounds, while Danforth's is 130 pounds.

A special to the "Police Gazette" from Davenport, Iowa, November 23, says: Yesterday, the live bird match between C. W. Budd, of Des Moines, and Fred Erb, of Lafayette, Ind., was decided. The conditions called for fifty birds at thirty yards rise and eighty yards boundary from five ground traps. Erb killed forty-three and Budd forty two. It was an even race down to the forty-sixth bird, though at one time, on the fourth string, Budd was two in the lead. This was overcome in the fifth string, Erb making a clean record and Budd losing three.

At Kansas City, on Nov. 20, Richard Hughes and J. C. Clark, two powerful negroes, engaged in a butting match to decide a dispute and a wager of \$10. Both men stripped to the waist and starting at each other from a distance of 40 feet, leaning forward with heads down, came together with a crash that could have been heard a block away. Both rolled over in the dirt and backed out for the second rush. When they came together again Clark went down, but quickly rose to his feet. The third rush resulted in a square blow, and both combatants were stretched on the ground. They slowly backed to their positions and stood for a few seconds glaring at each other and then came together again with a crash, Hughes going to grass and Clark staggering back half dazed. The fifth rush was light, both men apparently feeling weak. The backers of the two men now began shouting encouragement to the batters and they braced themselves and came forward with a terrible rush, which was followed by a sickening thud and Hughes dropped as if he had been shot. He lay as if paralyzed, trembling from head to foot. He was unconscious at the call of time and Clark received the \$10. Their heads and faces were badly swollen, but not a drop of blood was spilled.

Tom Cannon, the wrestler, was the cause of a great sensation in Paris recently, by a fraudulent wrestling match at the Folies Bergere. The trouble began with Tom Cannon and the grand wrestling match he was going to have with the alleged French champion, Felix Bernard. For days the town had been made hideous with perambulating pictures of Cannon in glaring colors, and the announcement had been spread broadcast that 10,000 fr. had been staked on the result and deposited with the *Figaro*. In fact every possible means had been employed to make Parisians believe that the match was genuine. And Parisians did believe it to be genuine to such an extent that they fought at the doors for the privilege of paying to see this extraordinary contest. And an extraordinary contest they saw, but not in the sense they expected. After rolling about the stage for five minutes, like a couple of tame bears, the two world-renowned champions withdrew, with smiles and bows, and a gentleman in a dress suit stepped up to the footlights and told the audience glibly that the match was over, because Bernard was not well enough to go on with it. He therefore declared Cannon the victor. As he was saying this, Bernard, naked to the waist, stood at the left, his blacksmith arms folded over a huge chest, and the muscles standing out all over him in folds and lumps. The idea of such a Hercules being ill was entirely too much for the crowd, who laughed first, then hissed, and then got angry, and finally they tore up the iron chairs, dismantled the popular resort, and there would have been a riot only for the timely arrival of the gendarmes.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO BE RAISED FOR SULLIVAN AND JACKSON.

The excitement in pugilistic circles over the proposed fist encounter between John L. Sullivan and Peter Jackson is increasing. Already numerous offers to give big purses for the rival pugilists to meet in the prize ring are coming from all parts. The California Athletic Club agreed to give a purse of \$10,000. The San Jose Club followed with an offer of \$15,000, then Seattle raised the ante to \$25,000, and a syndicate at New Orleans goes \$5,000 better, as will be seen by the following special to the POLICE GAZETTE:

NEW ORLEANS, November 26.
A syndicate of sporting men here, including Bud Renaud ("Monte Christo"), Leon Lamothe, Captain Galvin, Marsh Redon and other sporting men, are making efforts to raise a purse of \$50,000 for a contest between John L. Sullivan, the holder of the "Police Gazette" champion belt and world's prize ring championship, and Peter Jackson, the Australian colored champion. According to the programme mapped out, the rival champions are to battle with gloves, according to "Police Gazette" rules, during the Mardi Gras festival. The purse is to be deposited with Richard K. Fox in New York, if he will consent to be final stakeholder; if not, with Mr. Al Cridge, who held the \$20,000 Sullivan and Kilrain battle for when they fought for the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world.

There is no law against either prize or glove fighting in this State, and the contest might be brought off in Sportsman Park. If not, a large amphitheatre will be erected on No Man's Land or Honey Island. Bud Renaud is to be elected chairman of the syndicate, and if the purse is raised and Sullivan and Jackson agree to meet, Renaud will manage the affair. New Orleans sporting men intend to do their best to have Sullivan and Jackson meet, and money will not stand in the way. If a match was arranged for Sullivan and Jackson to contend here, over 10,000 tickets at \$10 and \$20 might be sold, while reserved seats would bring from \$25 to \$50. So that the management, with ticket money and railroad rebate, would not doubt double their money, for the receipts would run up from \$50,000 to \$80,000.

THE POLICE GAZETTE boxing gloves. All professional and amateur boxers recommend them. Send for price list to Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York.



TWO MISCREANTS' ACT.

THEY MANACLE MRS. LIZZIE BRADFORD, OF CINCINNATI, ILL., THREATEN HER WITH KNIVES AND RANSACK THE HOUSE.



SUICIDE IN A GRAVEYARD.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF QUINCY, ILLINOIS, NAMED JOHN WOODS, BLOWS HIS BRAINS OUT IN A LOCAL CEMETERY.



WENT UP IN SMOKE.

THE DEPLORABLE DISSIPATION OF A THREE-YEAR-OLD YOUNGSTER OF SKILLMAN, NEW JERSEY, SADDENS A HOUSEHOLD.



LOADED FOR BEAR.

YALE STUDENTS OBTAIN BRUIN, FILL HIM FULL OF BUG JUICE AND HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF FUN WITH HIM.



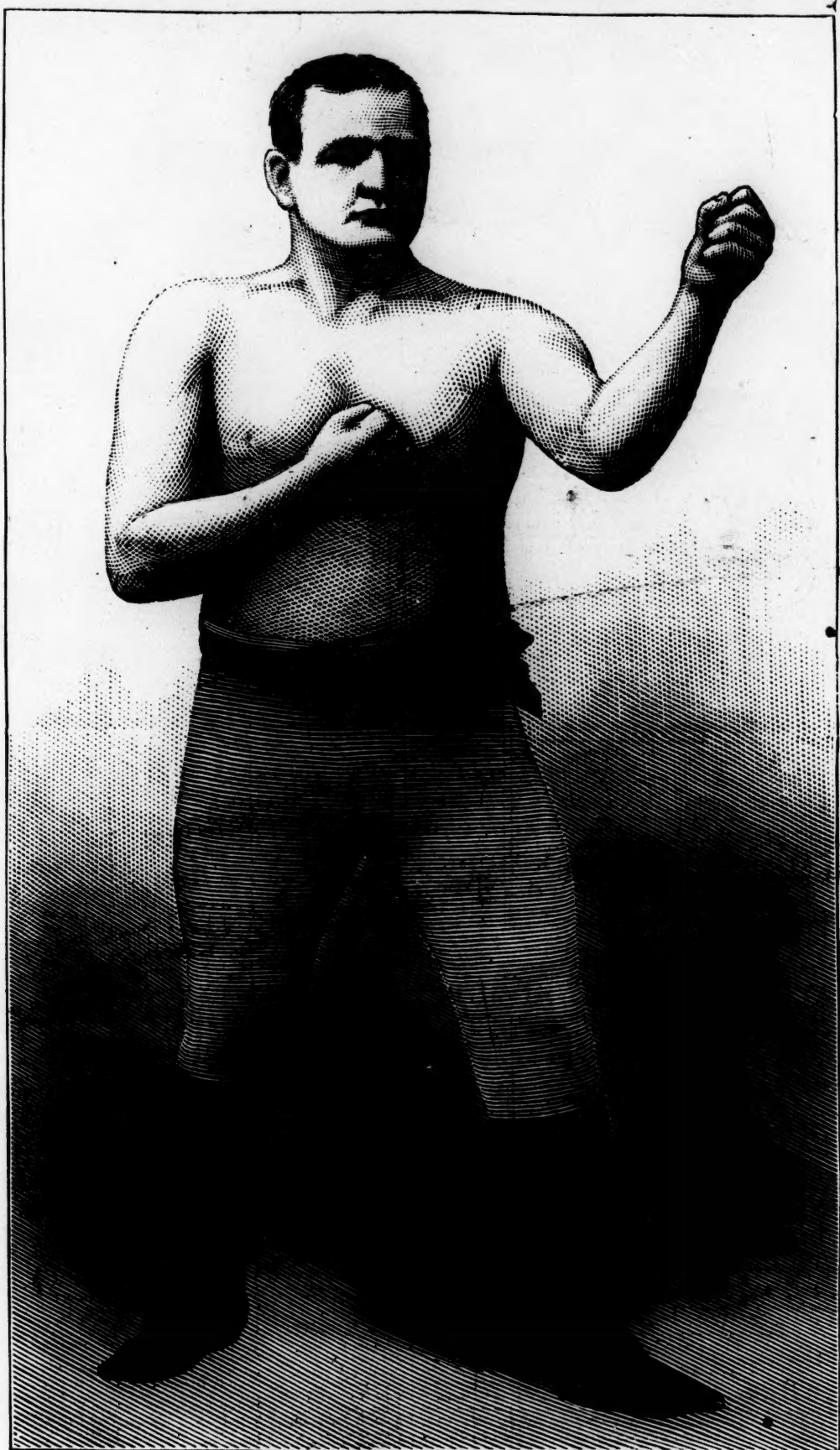
IRATE FEMALES ON THE WARPATH.

TWO DALLAS, COLORADO, DAMES HOLD UP AN EDITOR WITH WINCHESTERS AND THEN APPLY THE RAWHIDE.



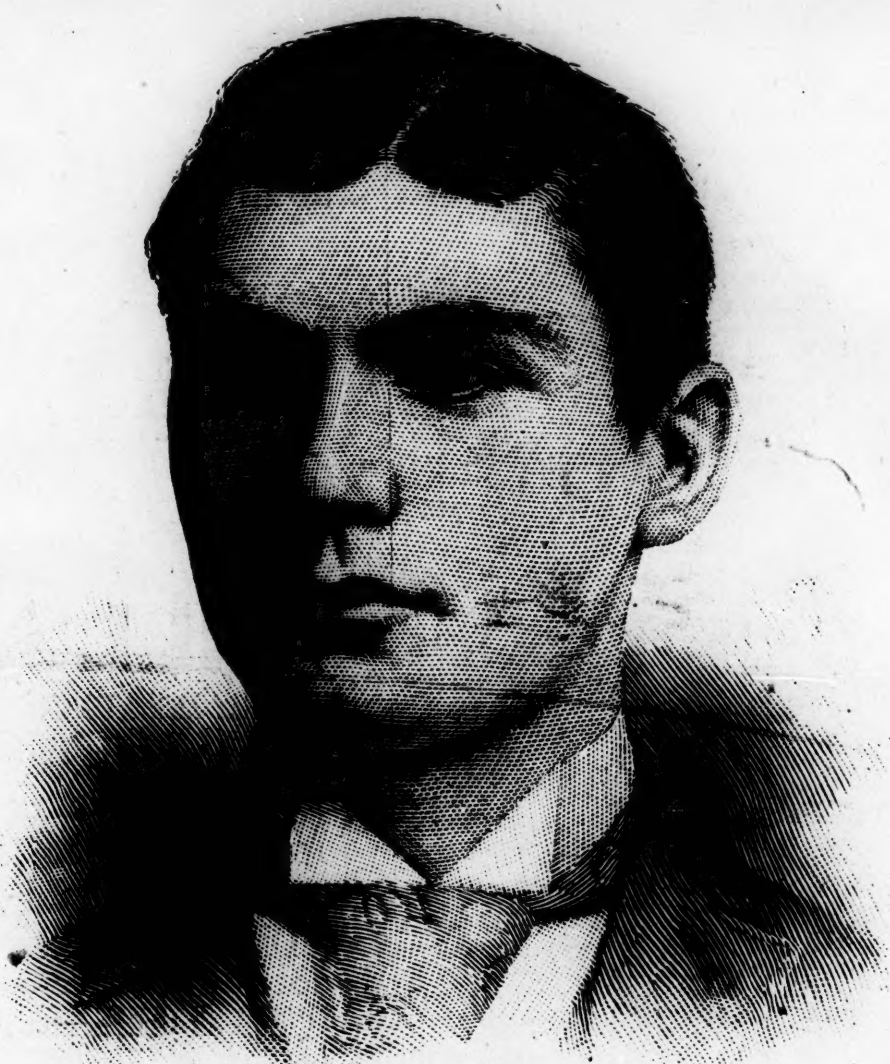
BRAVE RESCUERS KILLED.

A MONTANA COPPER MINE BURNS AND SEVERAL VALUABLE LIVES ARE LOST DURING THE EXCITEMENT THAT ENSUES.



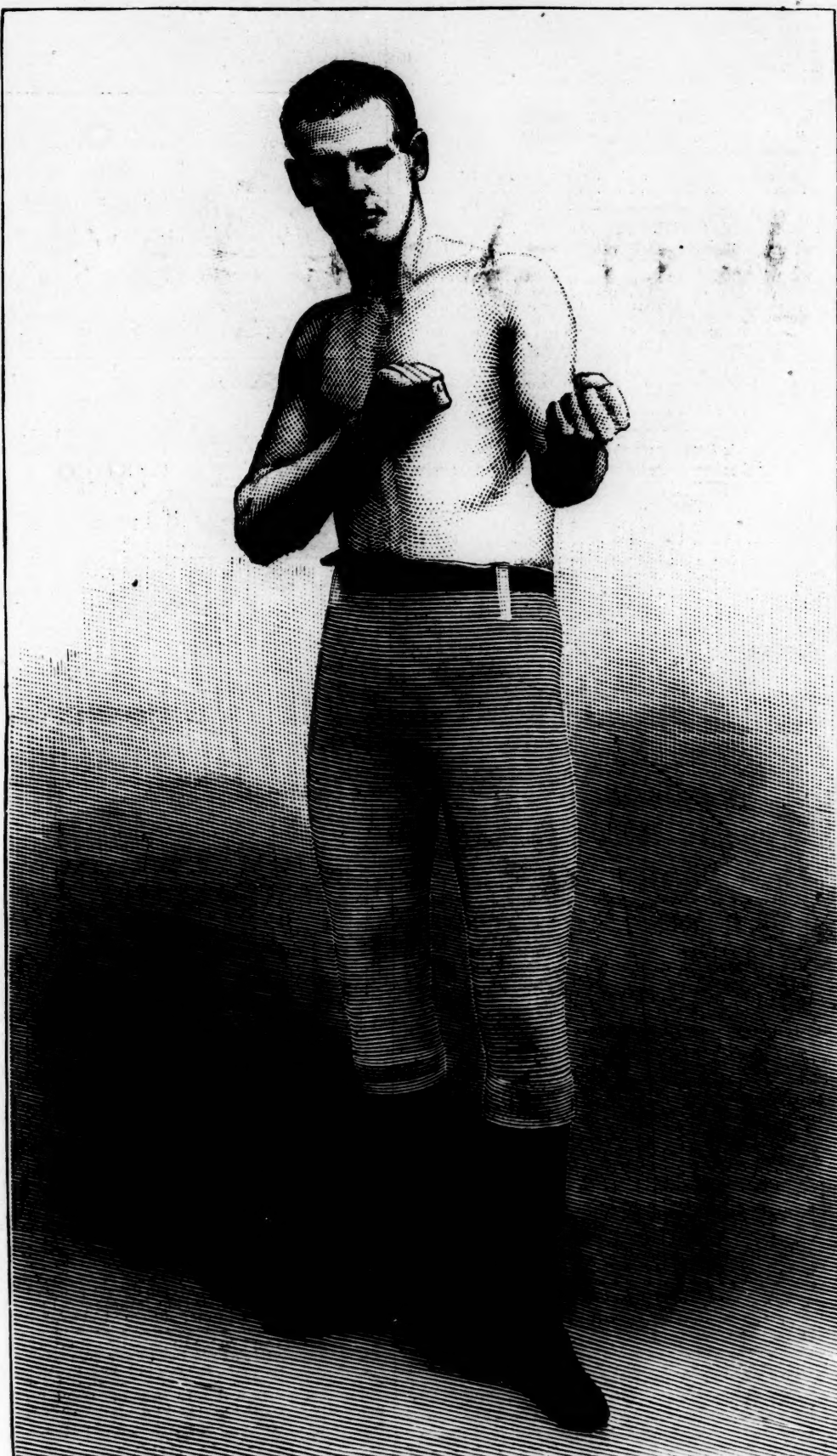
A WELL-KNOWN LIGHT-WEIGHT.

GEORGE MULVEY, OF SPRING VALLEY, OHIO, WHO IS ANXIOUS TO HAVE A GO WITH SOME LIGHT-WEIGHT FOR DUCATS.



PLUCKY AUSTIN GIBBONS.

THE HARD-HITTING YOUNG PUGILIST WHO IS SOON TO MEET MIKE CUSHING IN THE FISTIC ARENA.



A CLEVER YOUNG PUGILIST.

H. S. FRAZER, THE HANDSOME, BRAWNY, EXPERIENCED, SKILLFUL AND CHAMPION WELTER-WEIGHT PUGILIST OF COLORADO.



A LIVELY RUNNER.

THOMAS H. HIGHAM, OF BOSTON, MASS., WHO HAS SEVERAL TIMES DONE A FAST THREE MILES WITH THE GREATEST EASE.

A NOVEL CHALLENGE.

Luca Francia, Who Desires to Wield
a Pair of Scissors With Ton-
sorial Knights.



Luca Francia, whose portrait appears above, is the proprietor of a tonsorial establishment in this city. On Nov. 23 he called at the POLICE GAZETTE office, posted \$20 forfeit and issued the following challenge to all barbers and tonsorial artists:

I, Luca Francia, do hereby challenge any barber or tonsorial artist to compete against myself in a hair-cutting competition for the sum of \$100 a side or upward. To prove I mean business, I have posted \$20 forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and will be ready to meet any one accepting my challenge, any day they name, at the POLICE GAZETTE office, to make a match. First come, first served.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushtons PERFECTLY CURE DEAFNESS and noises in head. Unseen, comfortable, self adjusting. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. HISCOX, 353 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N. Y. Illustrated book FREE.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 320 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure sick headache.

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Address all orders to RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

THE BEST ADVERTISEMENT IS A SATISFIED CUSTOMER.

The Art Photograph Co., of Augusta, Me., write that their advertisements in the two Sullivan-Kilrain issues of the POLICE GAZETTE, published July, 1939, BROUGHT OVER 700 CASH ORDERS.

This is only one of the many unsolicited testimonials which are received at this office from time to time. Address
RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

TOILET ARTICLES.

FACIAL BLEMISHES
The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superficial Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pitting, Powder Marks, Blemishes, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 124-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.
JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist,
125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

TURKISH HAIR CROWDER.
Warranted to grow a beautiful moustache on the smoothest face or hair on bald heads, without injury, in 2 to 4 weeks, or money refunded. The original and only reliable article of the kind on the market. Use no worthless imitations. One pkg., 25 cts., 4 for 90 cts., pp. THE MOST MANLY CO., Boston, Mass.

YOUTHFUL VIGOR restored by using the famous Nervous Debility Pills: \$1 per box; 4 for \$5. N. E. MED. INST., 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

Syphilis cured. Write Cook Remedy Co., Omaha.

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MARRIED LADIES or those contemplating marriage, send 10c. for postage, etc., on a Sample Package of Hart's Celebrated F.P., particularly regarding a "Boon to Woman," and information important to every lady. UNION SPECIALTY CO., New Haven, Conn.

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PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL.

BEECHAM'S



PILLS.

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE.

Proverbially acknowledged to be

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

For Weak Stomach,
Impaired Digestion,
Sick Headache,
Disordered Liver.

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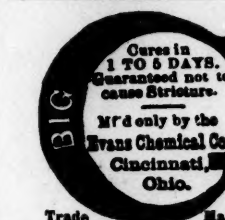
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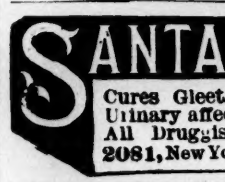
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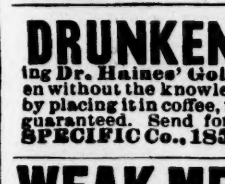
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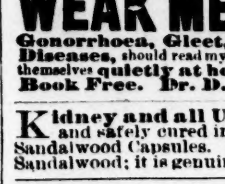
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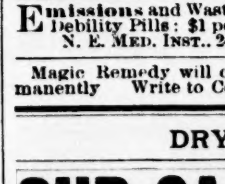
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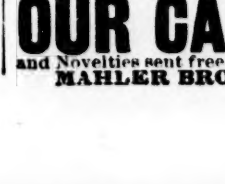
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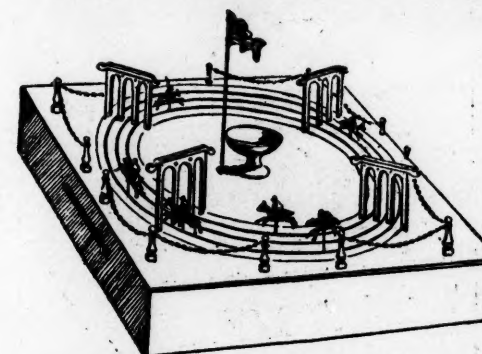
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MEDICAL.

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